



No. 47

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
COMIC MAGAZINE!



APRIL

ACTION COMICS

10¢

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

YOU
CAN
HIT!

YOU OUGHT
TO SEE ME
WHEN I REALLY
TRY!

IN THIS ISSUE:
SUPERMAN
TANGLES WITH
HIS SUPER-ENEMY
LUTHOR

IN THE STARTLING
ADVENTURE OF THE
"POWERSTONE"

*Editorial Advisory Board
of the*

**SUPERMAN DC
COMIC MAGAZINES:**

JOSETTE FRANK

Staff Advisor,

*Children's Book Committee,
Child Study Association of America*

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

*Department of English Literature,
New York University*

RUTH EASTWOOD PERL, Ph.D.

*Associate Member,
American Psychological Association*

DR. W. W. D. SONES

*Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh*

DR. ROBERT THORNDIKE

*Department of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University*

LI. Com. GENE TUNNEY, U. S. N. R.

*Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation
and Member, Board of Directors,
Catholic Youth Organization*

**The following magazines
all bear this trademark**



**as your guar-
antee of the
best in comic
reading.**

MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

**ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS**

BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

(Issued every other month)

ALL-STAR COMICS

BATMAN

SUPERMAN

QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:

(Issued every third month)

ALL FLASH QUARTERLY

GREEN LANTERN

LEADING COMICS

WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

—and MUTT & JEFF

(Issued twice a year)

GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

YANKEE DOODLE'S COUSINS

By **Anne Malcolmson**

Houghton Mifflin Co.

Here is a book about the oddest lot of characters you ever met—people about whom strange and wonderful stories have grown up all over America.

There was the terrible Captain Kidd, for instance. The story goes that he was once an honest sea captain who turned pirate against his will—and who was hanged for it, leaving his hoarded treasure buried somewhere along the Atlantic coast, where it may be still be, for all we know.

Then there was Blackbeard, the ugliest pirate, who liked to play "little jokes" on people, like shooting them or sacking a village, "just for fun."

And Louisiana had its gentleman pirate: Jean Lafite, who turned from his evil ways long enough to save New Orleans from the British and become his country's hero—and then went back to pirating again!

Down South, too, was the giant John Henry, railroad worker, who ran ahead of the train to lay the rails for it.

And out West, in the land of cowboys, was Pecos Bill, greatest cowboy of them all, who was raised by a coyote and who could lasso a river or a tornado.

And, of course, there was Paul Bunyan, giant logger, who with the help of his Blue Ox, Babe, moved rivers and lakes and mountains, and changed the map of the United States.

Legends about these and many other fabulous heroes make a most interesting and amusing book. Very funny, well-drawn pictures add to the humor of the stories.

Your library probably will have this new book too. Ask for it.

SUPERMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

A POWER-MAD, EVIL SCIENTIST, SUPERMAN'S MOST INVETERATE HATER, IS LUTHOR. HE COULD HAVE BEEN A MIGHTY FORCE FOR GOOD IN THE WORLD YET HE CHOSE TO DIRECT HIS GREAT SCIENTIFIC BRAIN INTO CRIMINAL CHANNELS, BUT THOUGH LUTHOR HAS BEEN A DANGEROUS FOE IN THE PAST, A NEW DEVELOPMENT RENDERS HIM A HUNDREDFOLD MORE FORMIDABLE! SUPERMAN MEETS AN OPPONENT WORTHY OF HIM IN AS STARTLING A SUPERMAN ADVENTURE AS YOU HAVE READ IN A LONG TIME
"POWERSTONE!"



FAR OFF IN HIS SECRET HIDEOUT, LUTHOR'S HIRELINGS WHISPER EXCITEDLY TO ONE ANOTHER...

THE BOSS HAS BEEN LOCKED UP IN HIS LABORATORY FOR DAYS!

WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?

SUDDENLY... A MIGHTY UPHEAVAL, AND THE METAL DOOR OF LUTHOR'S LABORATORY BURSTS OPEN...

MY GOSH!

SINCE HIS LAST CLASH WITH SUPERMAN, HE'S BEEN ACTING LIKE A MADMAN, RAVING VENGEANCE, SWEARING HE'LL GET EVEN WITH THE MAN OF TOMORROW!

IT MUST BE SUPERMAN—HERE!

STARTLED YOU, DIDN'T I? AND NO WONDER—HAHAHA-HAAA! NO WONDER!

WHAT HAPPENED, LUTHOR?

WAS THERE AN EXPLOSION?

NO EXPLOSION—THAT METAL DOOR WAS TORN APART BY MY BARE HANDS!

PS-ST! HE MUST THINK HE'S SUPERMAN!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A REST, BOSS? YOU BEEN SLAVIN' AWAY IN THAT LABORATORY TOO HARD LATELY!

FOOLS! LOOK! I TEAR THIS METAL APART IN MY BARE HANDS! NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME? NOW? NOW??!!

HOLY COW!

I AIN'T DREAMING, AM I??

AND THIS IS THE ANSWER TO IT ALL—ELECTRICITY!!

WATCH CLOSELY—AND I'LL DEMONSTRATE IN A MANNER THAT EVEN YOUR 'STUPID MINDS SHOULD BE ABLE TO COMPREHEND!

I STILL DON'T GET IT!

ME EITHER!

YOU SEE... MILLIONS OF VOLTS OF ELECTRIC CURRENT ARE SWEEPING THRU MY BODY—YET I'M UNHARMED! BUT MOST ASTONISHING OF ALL... THIS ELECTRIC TREATMENT IMPARTS TO ME AMAZING STRENGTH!

AS LUTHOR FLINGS A SWITCH, THE APPARATUS HUMS INTO OPERATION... THEN, TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF EAR-SHATTERING CRACKLINGS AND BLINDING FLASHES, THE POWERFUL VOICE OF LUTHOR BOOMS OUT!

YES, I'VE SUCCEEDED IN ACHIEVING POWERFUL STRENGTH! TIME AND TIME AGAIN **SUPERMAN** HAS BALKED MY VENTURES BECAUSE I COULD NOT COPE WITH HIS TERRIFIC STRENGTH. I WRACKED MY BRAINS FOR THE ANSWER--AND FOUND IT IN **ELECTRICITY!**

THEN YOU MEAN, BOSS, THAT YOU'RE NOW AS STRONG AS **SUPERMAN**, THAT YOU CAN JUMP THRU THE SKY, LIFT A LOCOMOTIVE, USE YOUR SKIN AS A TARGET FOR BULLETS...?

NO, THO I HAVE TERRIFIC STRENGTH, UNFORTUNATELY MY POWERS ARE STILL NOT EQUAL TO THOSE OF **SUPERMAN**. BUT THERE'S A CHANCE OF MY BECOMING SO--IT INVOLVES POSSESSION OF THE **POWERSTONE**--AND **SUPERMAN** IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP ME IN THAT RESPECT...

BUT HOW ARE YOU GONNA GET **SUPERMAN** TO GET THIS **HERE POWERSTONE** FOR YOU?

THAT'S SOMETHING I'VE ALREADY FIGURED OUT. AND IN THE PROCESS OF DOING SO, I SHALL PICK UP A HANDSOME PROFIT. NAME ME A YOUNG MAN POSSESSED OF WEALTH...QUICKLY!



WELL, FOR ONE, THERE'S **BRETT CALHOUN**, KNOWN AS THE **BOY MILLIONAIRE**, THEN THERE'S...

BRETT CALHOUN WILL DO. AND NOW, MEN, I TAKE MY LEAVE. WHEN YOU NEXT SEE ME, I SHALL BE WELL ON THE ROAD TO BEING THE MASTER OF THE WORLD!



LATER--AS YOUNG **BRETT CALHOUN** SITS DROWSILY IN THE STUDY OF HIS MANSION, SLEEPILY REGARDING A BOOK, A HIGH-PITCHED SHRILL OF LAUGHTER FROM BEHIND CAUSES HIM TO WHIRL IN TERROR...



WHO--WHO'S THAT??

HAHAHA--HAAA! JUST **LUTHOR**, LAD!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS HOUSE? GET OUT--OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

YOU'LL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND!



IN FACT, YOU'LL DO EXACTLY AS I SAY, OR YOU'LL DIE! UNLESS YOU OBEY ME, I'LL SQUEEZE THAT WHITE THROAT OF YOURS AGAIN--ONLY NEXT TIME I WON'T RELAX MY GRIP UNTIL YOU CEASE BREATHING!



WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



SOMETHING STRANGE--UNUSUAL--THAT WILL STARTLE THE ENTIRE CITY OF **METROPOLIS**! PAY CLOSE HEED TO MY EVERY WORD...

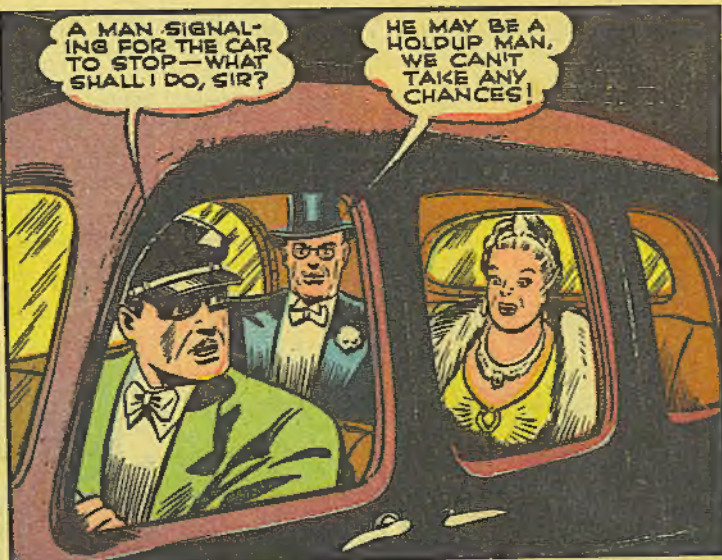
SHORTLY AFTERWARD... STRIDING INTO THE STREET, LUTHOR STEPS DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF A SPEEDING AUTO...



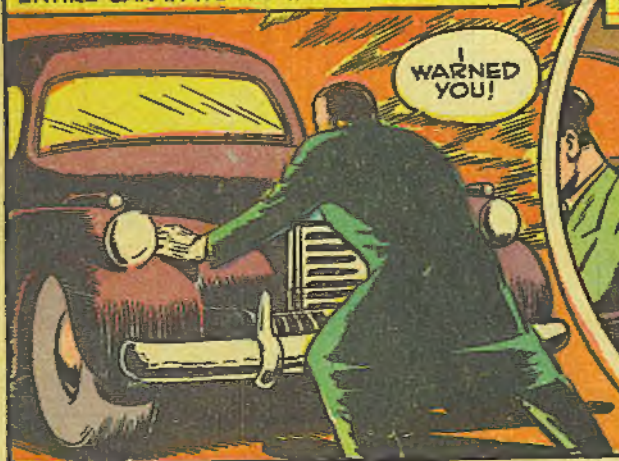
HALT!

A MAN SIGNALING FOR THE CAR TO STOP—WHAT SHALL I DO, SIR?

HE MAY BE A HOLDUP MAN, WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!



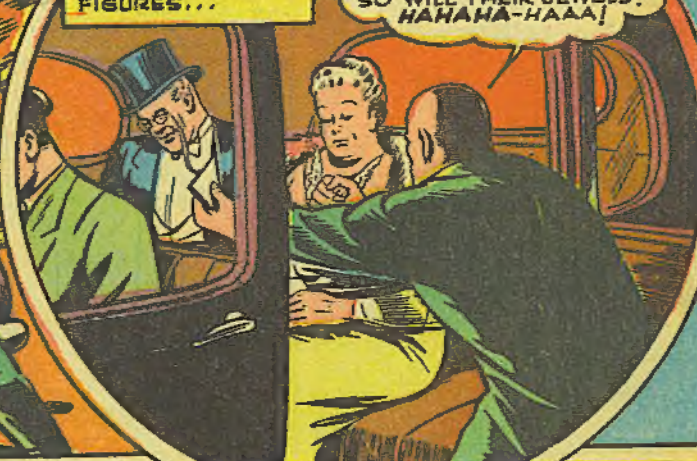
AS THE AUTO CONTINUES ON, LUTHOR CRASHES AGAINST IT... SLOWS IT DOWN. SIMULTANEOUSLY, A BLAST OF ELECTRICITY LEAVES HIS FIGURE AND BATHES THE ENTIRE CAR IN ITS FANTASTIC GLOW...



I WARNED YOU!

LEAPING TO THE RUNNING BOARD, LUTHOR SWIFTLY ANNEXES JEWELRY FROM THE SLUMPED FIGURES...

SHOCKED INTO INSENSIBILITY-- BY THE TIME THE SHOCK WEARS OFF AND THEY RETURN TO NORMAL, I'LL BE FAR AWAY--AND SO WILL THEIR JEWELS! HAHAA-HAAA!



AND STILL LATER—AVAILING HIMSELF OF THE IMMENSE ELECTRICAL POWER STORED WITHIN HIS FIGURE, LUTHOR BURNS HIS WAY THRU A BANK'S METAL DOOR...



NO OBSTACLE CAN PREVENT ME FROM REACHING MY GOAL!

ABOUT TO RETIRE FOR THE EVENING, CLARK KENT CHANGES HIS MIND WHEN HE HEARS A POLICE CALL....



CALLING CAR 85! BURGLAR ALARM RINGING AT NATIONAL BANK! INVESTIGATE!

THAT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

SWIFTLY, KENT WHIPS INTO HIS WORLD-FAMOUS BLUE COSTUME AND RED CAPE...

THIS IS ONE INVESTIGATION SUPERMAN IS GOING TO HORN IN ON!



SWISS-SHH! IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO BLINK AN EYELASH, SUPERMAN IS ON HIS WAY.....!!

CLEAR THE ROAD! HERE I GO!



MEANWHILE -- INVESTIGATING THE BURGLAR ALARM CLAMOR, A NIGHT WATCHMAN SIGHTS LUTHOR--AND SEIZES HIM...

GOT YOU!

SO YOU HAVE!



NEXT INSTANT, AS LUTHOR UNLEASHES THE ELECTRICAL POWER WITHIN HIM, THE WATCHMAN IS SHOCKED INTO INSSENSIBILITY...

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU!



AS LUTHOR DASHES FROM THE BANK WITH HIS LOOT, HE COLLIDES HEAD-ON WITH THE SPEEDING MAN OF TOMORROW...

OOPS!

DITTO!



SO IT'S LUTHOR, EH? THIS IS ONE TIME YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME. YOU'D BETTER SURRENDER PEACEABLY!

SORRY-- I'M NOT IN A SURRENDERING MOOD TODAY!



BUT NEVER- THE- LESS-- YOU'RE HEADED FOR A CELL!

ALWAYS THE VICTOR--ALWAYS INVULNERABLE TO OPPOSITION-- IF WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN WASN'T SO COMICAL, I'D THINK IT TRAGIC!



MY ENTIRE BODY... TINGLING... I CAN HARDLY MOVE...

YOU SEE... I NOW HAVE THE POWER OF ELECTRICITY ON MY SIDE!



THE MIGHTY SUPER-MAN... FACED BY A POWER AS STRONG AS HIMSELF! THIS IS TOO MUCH! TOO MUCH!!



EXERTING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS AMAZING STRENGTH, SUPERMAN SLOWLY BEGINS TO REVOLVE, BATTLING LUTHOR PYROTECHNICAL OPPOSITION....

-- THEN FASTER -- FASTER -- UNTIL HE SPINS AT SUCH A GREAT SPEED HE CAN SCARCELY BE SEEN!

WHAT GOES ON?

DON'T GLOAT TOO SOON!

THE WHIRLING DERVISH HAS NOTHING ON YOU!

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH??

FREE! NOW IT'S MY TURN TO DISH IT OUT!

WHA--??

YOU CAN HIT!!

YOU OUGHT TO SEE ME WHEN I REALLY TRY!!

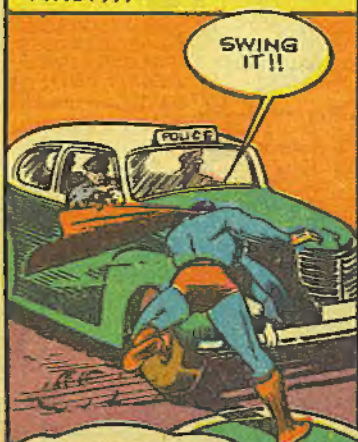
SPEEDING ONTO THE SCENE, POLICEMEN PEPPER SUPERMAN WITH BULLETS... ALL OF WHICH UNANIMOUSLY PING OFF HIS SUPER-TOUGH SKIN...

IT'S SUPERMAN!

IT'S NOT POLITE TO INTERRUPT!

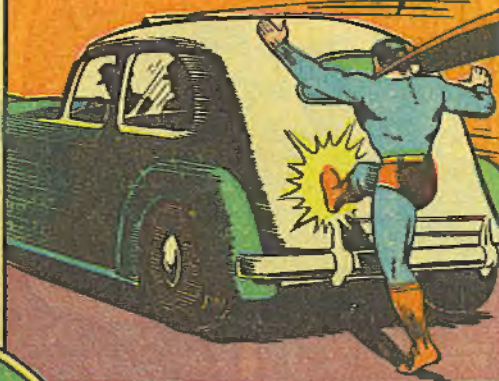
HE'S TO BLAME! GET HIM!

SEIZING THE PATROLCAR'S FRONT BUMPER, SUPER-MAN GIVES IT A SHARP TWIST...



SWING IT!!

...SO THAT THE ENTIRE CAR WHIRLS ABOUT AND FACES THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!



SAVE YOUR AMMUNITION... WE NEED IT FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE!

BUT WHEN THE MAN OF STEEL TURNS TO RESUME HIS BATTLE WITH LUTHOR...

HE'S GONE--TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO FLEE! ELECTRICITY OR NO ELECTRICITY--HE'S STILL A COWARD AT HEART!



BUT, I'VE A HUNCH WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A RETURN MATCH! AND NEXT TIME THERE MAY BE NO CONVENIENT DISTRACTIONS!



PLENTY! BRETT CALHOUN HAS INVITED REPRESENTATIVES FROM ALL THE NEWSPAPERS TO HIS HOME. HE'S GOT AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE. GET GOING!

NEXT MORNING...

WHAT'S COOKIN', CHIEF?



BRETT CALHOUN? TO THINK I'LL GET PAID FOR INTERVIEWING HIM!

LATER--AT THE CALHOUN MANSION...



I'M SURE YOU GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS ARE BUSY, SO I'LL MAKE IT BRIEF. I'M GOING TO GIVE AWAY HALF OF MY FORTUNE--THREE MILLION DOLLARS--GOING TO GIVE IT AWAY TO A PERFECT STRANGER...

YOU'RE MR. CALHOUN'S LAWYER. IS THIS ON THE UP-AND-UP?

I'M AFRAID IT IS. HE MUST BE MAD.

ARE YOU SERIOUS?

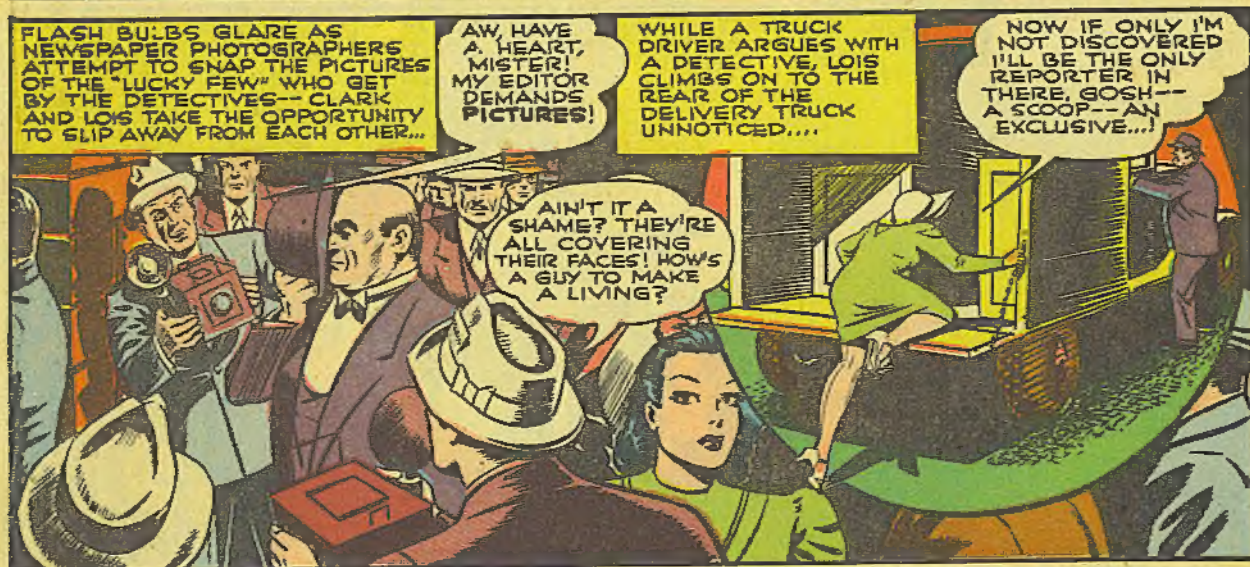
WHO IS THIS STRANGER?

LEND AN EAR, YOU NEWS-HOUNDS! HERE COMES THE MOST INTERESTING PART OF MY ANNOUNCEMENT!



I WILL GIVE THE THREE MILLION DOLLARS TO WHOEVER CAN PROVE HE IS ALREADY THE RICHEST MAN IN METROPOLIS! ANYONE CAN COME HERE TONIGHT AND LAY CLAIM TO THE GIFT, BUT HE MUST DISPLAY AT LEAST \$100,000 IN CASH TO THE MAN AT THE DOOR TO DEMONSTRATE HE IS QUALIFIED TO ENTER THE CONTEST. DETECTIVES WILL BE PRESENT TO PROTECT THE CONTESTANTS' FUNDS AND IDENTITY!





GENTLEMEN, THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO STATE WHICH OF YOU IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS, AND WHY HE WISHES THE ADDITIONAL FORTUNE I CAN GIVE HIM.

ME!
LET ME
SPEAK
FIRST!

I OWN AIRLINES...
RAILROADS...
PUBLISHING FIRMS...
MY COMBINED
PROPERTIES ARE
WORTH ONE HUNDRED
MILLION DOLLARS. MY
PERSONAL INCOME WAS
AT LEAST FIVE
MILLION A YEAR IN
THE WORST DEPRESS-
ION YEARS. WHY DO
I WANT MORE—?
BECAUSE I LOVE
WEALTH, POWER...
AND I CAN NEVER
HAVE TOO MUCH!!

MY NAME IS DIGBY
MASTERS— BUT I AM
CERTAIN THAT NOT ONE
OF YOU HAS HEARD OF
ME BEFORE. WHY? BE-
CAUSE I AM A HIDDEN
POWER IN THE COUNTRY—
I OWN THREE HUNDRED
MILLION DOLLARS OF
REAL ESTATE, WITH THE
THREE MILLION DOLLARS,
I'D BUY MORE REAL
ESTATE. WHY? I DON'T
KNOW! PURCHASING REAL
ESTATE IS AN OBSESS-
ION WITH ME.

GENTLEMEN...
AS YOU ALL KNOW MY
FIRM IS WORTH THREE
HUNDRED AND FIFTY
MILLION DOLLARS. BUT
WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW IS
THAT I'VE SECRETLY IN-
VESTED MOST OF THE
STOCKHOLDERS' FUNDS
WITHOUT THEIR KNOWLEDGE.
TOMORROW, THE EXAMINERS
CHECK THE BOOKS. I'VE
REPLACED ALL BUT THREE
MILLION DOLLARS. IF I
DON'T GET CALHOUN'S
MONEY, I'LL GO TO
PRISON!

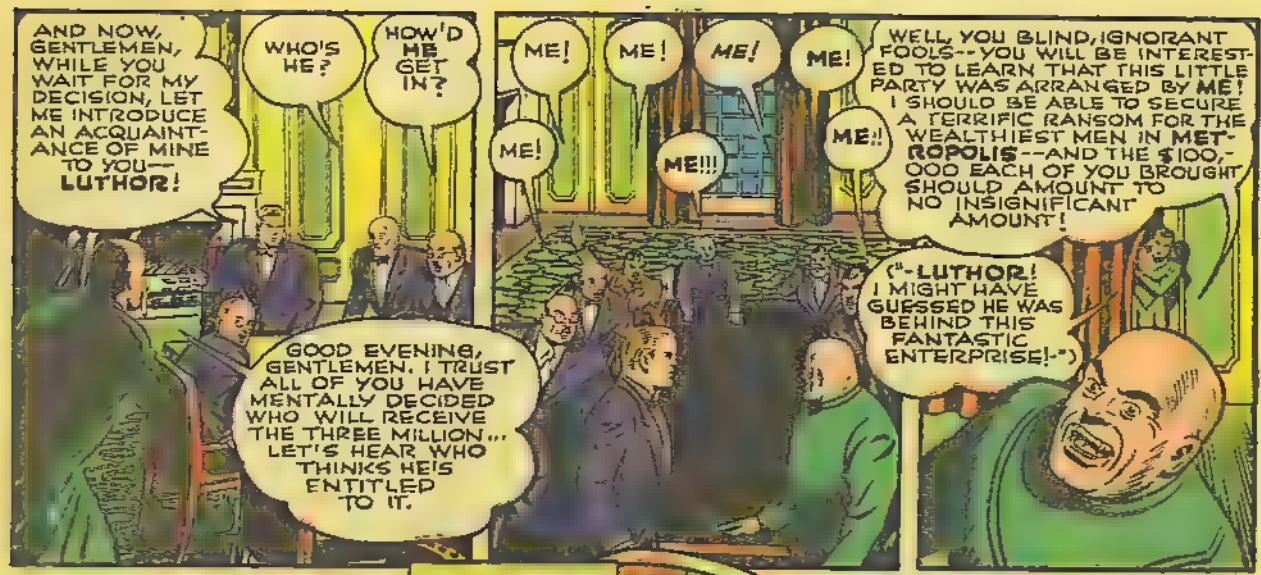
I AM VON SCHMERTZ.
I PERSONALLY CONTROL
FIVE HUNDRED MILLION
DOLLARS IN A SAVINGS
ACCOUNT. I WOULD LIKE
TO HAVE THAT THREE
MILLION DOLLARS
BECAUSE I WOULD
LIKE TO HAVE IT.
THAT'S REASON
ENOUGH FOR ME!

YOU KNOW ME AS
KETTERING, THE
RADIO ORATOR. BUT
WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW
IS THAT I'M HEAD OF
THE YELLOW SHIRTS, A
SECRET FASCIST
ORGANIZATION, A LITTLE
MORE MONEY—A LITTLE
MORE TIME—A LITTLE
MORE STUPIDITY ON THE
PART OF THE PUBLIC,
AND YOU'LL ALL BE
GIVING ME EVERYTHING
YOU OWN— FOR I'LL
BE DICTATOR OF
AMERICA!!

I AM AN IMPOSTOR.
I HAVEN'T A DIME
IN THE BANK—NOT
EVEN A CENT IN MY
POCKET. I TRICKED
MY WAY IN HERE PAST
THOSE STUPID DETEC-
TIVES. WHAT WOULD I
DO WITH THE THREE
MILLION IF I HAD IT?—
I'D EXTERMINATE THE
WHOLE FILTHY LOT
OF YOU!!!

YAH-HH... THAT'S ME...
SCARLETTI. SURE I MADE
MILLIONS DURING PROHIB-
ITION, BUT I GOT BIG IDEAS,
SEE... ALL I NEED IS A
LITTLE MORE COIN AND I'LL
HAVE ENOUGH DOUGH TO SWING
A SWEET LITTLE RACKET I
GOT IN MIND. IF ANY OF
YOU GENTS ARE INTERESTED
IN BACKING ME, SEE ME
AFTER TH' PERFORMANCE!

GENTLEMEN...
MY INSPIRATIONAL
BOOKS HAVE BROUGHT
ME UNLIMITED WEALTH...
BUT I HAVEN'T SPENT A
CENT ON MYSELF... I
STILL LIVE IN POVERTY...
WHY...? BECAUSE SOME
DAY I AM GOING TO
FOUND A UTOPIA... AS
SOON AS I COLLECT...
ENOUGH... SHECKLES...!!!



AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, WHILE YOU WAIT FOR MY DECISION, LET ME INTRODUCE AN ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE TO YOU-- LUTHOR!

WHO'S HE?

HOW'D HE GET IN?

ME!

ME!

ME!

ME!

ME!

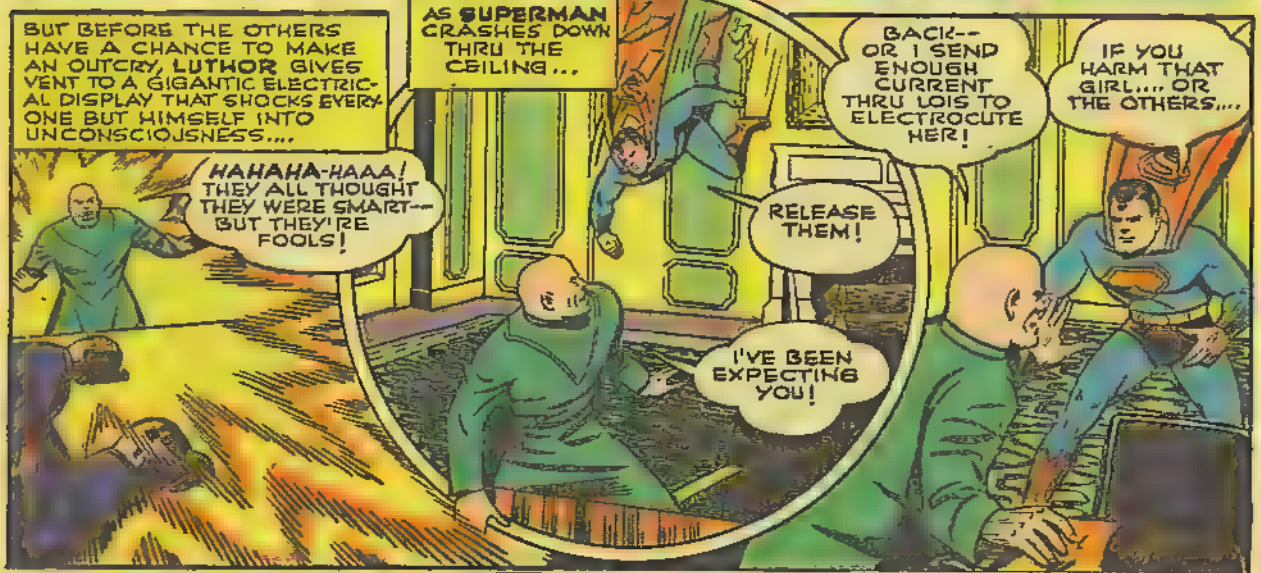
ME!!!

ME!!

WELL, YOU BLIND, IGNORANT FOOLS-- YOU WILL BE INTERESTED TO LEARN THAT THIS LITTLE PARTY WAS ARRANGED BY ME! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SECURE A TERRIFIC RANSOM FOR THE WEALTHIEST MEN IN METROPOLIS-- AND THE \$100,000 EACH OF YOU BROUGHT SHOULD AMOUNT TO NO 'INSIGNIFICANT' AMOUNT!

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN. I TRUST ALL OF YOU HAVE MENTALLY DECIDED WHO WILL RECEIVE THE THREE MILLION... LET'S HEAR WHO THINKS HE'S ENTITLED TO IT.

("LUTHOR! I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED HE WAS BEHIND THIS FANTASTIC ENTERPRISE!")



BUT BEFORE THE OTHERS HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE AN OUTCRY, LUTHOR GIVES VENT TO A GIGANTIC ELECTRICAL DISPLAY THAT SHOCKS EVERY ONE BUT HIMSELF INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS....

AS SUPERMAN CRASHES DOWN THRU THE CEILING...

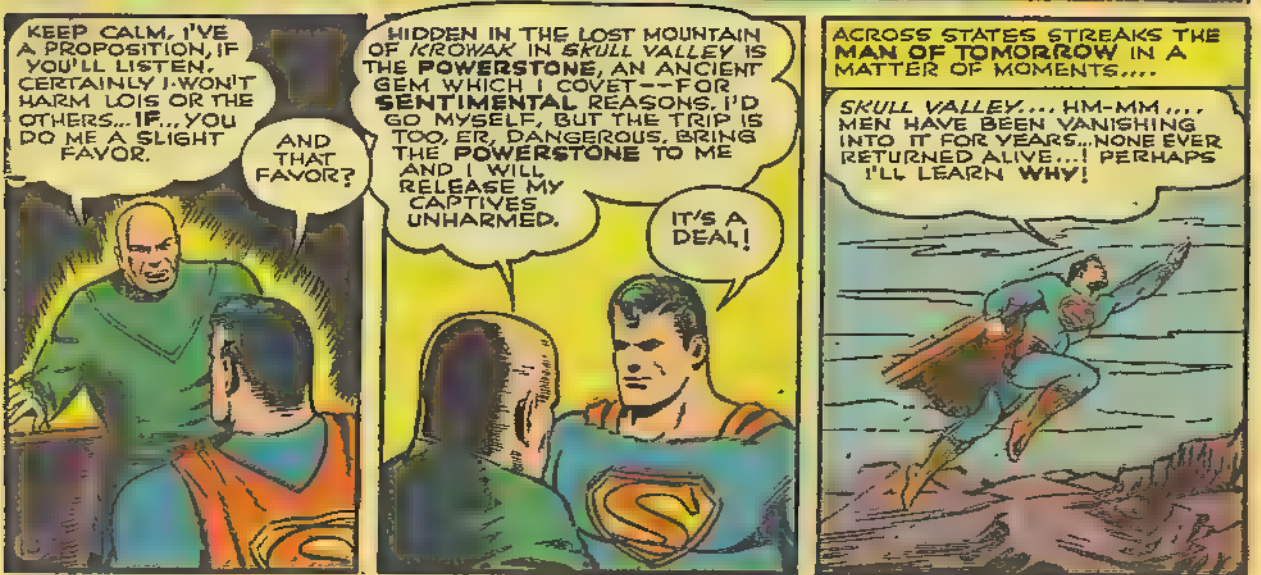
HAHAHA-HAAA! THEY ALL THOUGHT THEY WERE SMART-- BUT THEY'RE FOOLS!

BACK-- OR I SEND ENOUGH CURRENT THRU LOIS TO ELECTROCUTE HER!

IF YOU HARM THAT GIRL... OR THE OTHERS...

RELEASE THEM!

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!



KEEP CALM, I'VE A PROPOSITION, IF YOU'LL LISTEN, CERTAINLY I WON'T HARM LOIS OR THE OTHERS... IF... YOU DO ME A SLIGHT FAVOR.

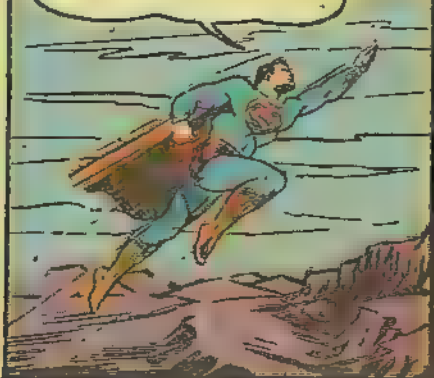
AND THAT FAVOR?

HIDDEN IN THE LOST MOUNTAIN OF KROWAK IN SKULL VALLEY IS THE POWERSTONE, AN ANCIENT GEM WHICH I COVET-- FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS. I'D GO MYSELF, BUT THE TRIP IS TOO, ER, DANGEROUS, BRING THE POWERSTONE TO ME AND I WILL RELEASE MY CAPTIVES UNHARMED.

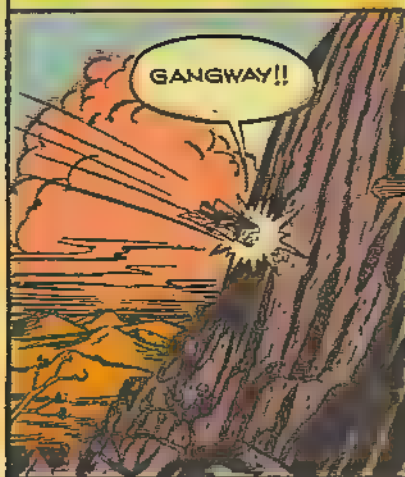
IT'S A DEAL!

ACROSS STATES STREAKS THE MAN OF TOMORROW IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS....

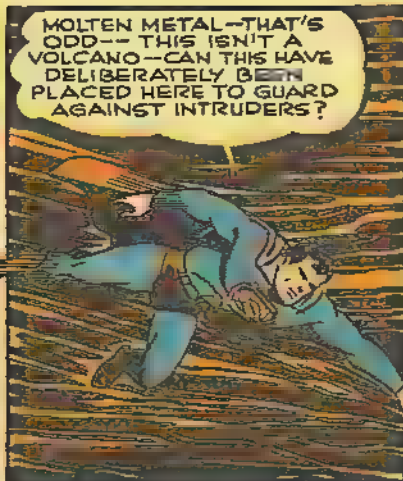
SKULL VALLEY... HM-MM... MEN HAVE BEEN VANISHING INTO IT FOR YEARS... NONE EVER RETURNED ALIVE...! PERHAPS I'LL LEARN WHY!



MINUTES LATER... FLASHING DOWN, SUPERMAN SMASHES DIRECTLY INTO THE SIDE OF KROWAK MOUNTAIN...



MOLTEN METAL--THAT'S ODD-- THIS ISN'T A VOLCANO--CAN THIS HAVE DELIBERATELY BEEN PLACED HERE TO GUARD AGAINST INTRUDERS?



SUPERMAN SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN A CHAMBER FILLED WITH HYPNOTICALLY SWAYING SNAKES....



BREAKING FREE OF THE HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION, SUPERMAN SMASHES THE REPTILES ASIDE...



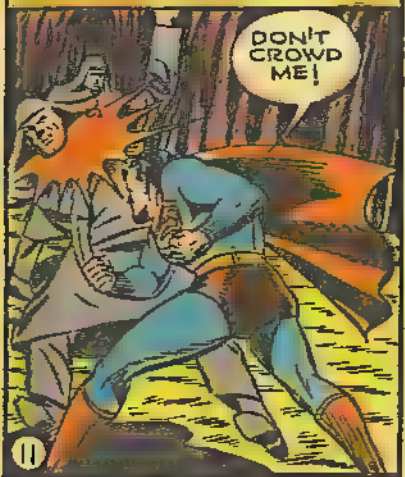
RACING THRU AN ADJOINING CHAMBER, SUPERMAN FINDS EERIE FLAMES LICKING AT HIS CONSCIOUSNESS, SAPPING AT HIS INTELLIGENCE....



HE EMERGES IN A GREAT ROOM TO MEET AN UNEXPECTED SIGHT. SLAVES LABORING AT A MILL... HIGH PRIESTS, SURVIVORS OF AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION, DRIVING THEM SAVAGELY ON WITH CRUEL WHIPS... AND ABOVE THE ASSEMBLAGE REARS A GIANT MONSTER-STATUE....



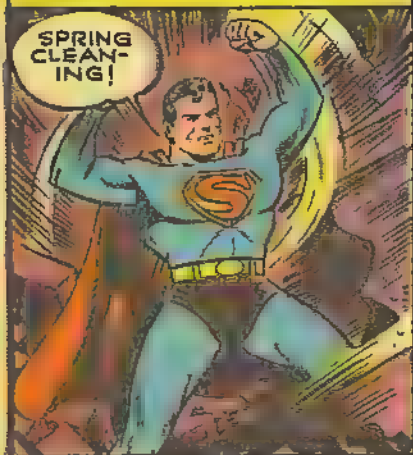
HOWLING, ANGERED HIGH PRIESTS SEEK TO HALT THE MAN OF TOMORROW'S RUSH, BUT ARE BOWLED ASIDE...



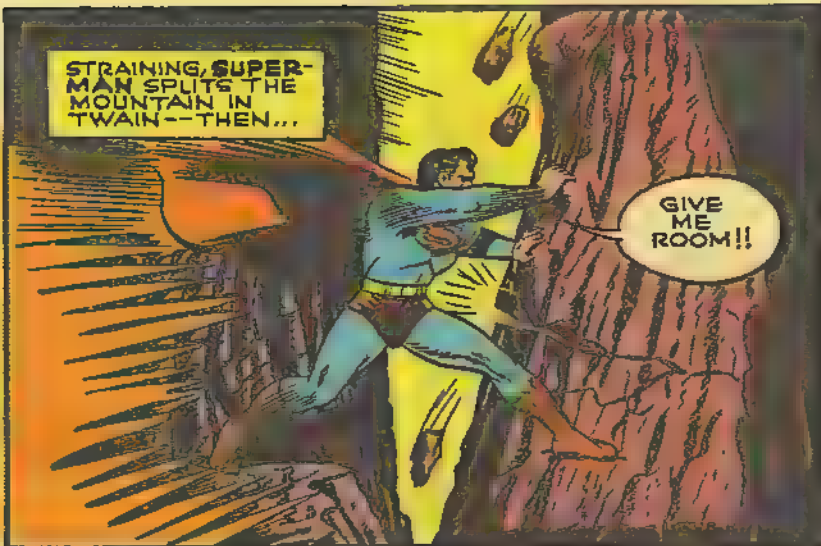
LEAPING TO THE MIGHTY IDOL'S SHOULDER, SUPERMAN RIPS THE POWERSTONE FROM ITS SETTING... AS HE DOES SO, THE IDOL SWAYS FORWARD...



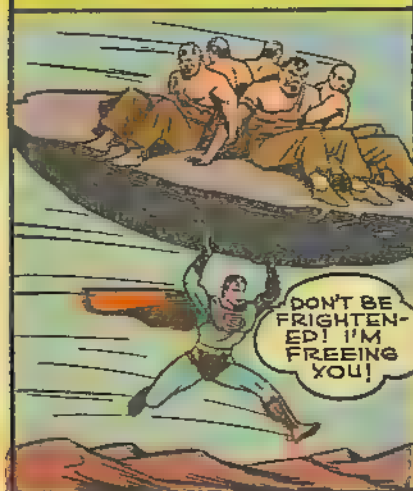
UP AVALANCHES FRAGMENTS OF THE BROKEN IDOL AS SUPERMAN ROCKETE INTO VIEW...



STRAINING, SUPERMAN SPLITS THE MOUNTAIN IN TWAIN--THEN...



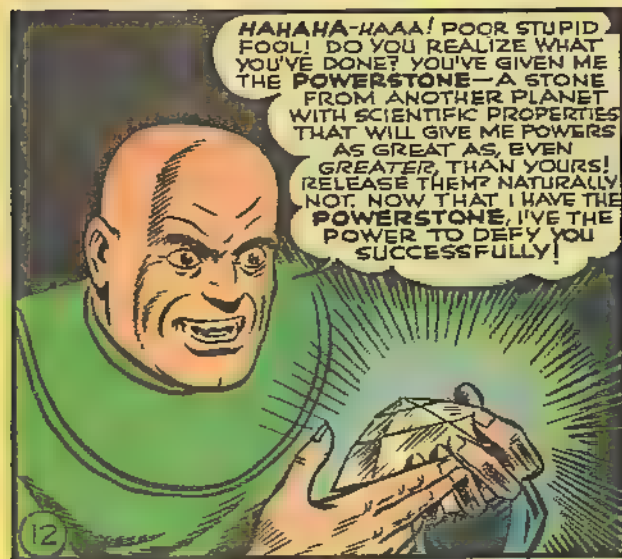
--PLACING THE ENSLAVED MEN ON A HUGE SLAB OF ROCK, HE RACES OFF WITH THEM...



...DEPOSITING THEM ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CIVILIZATION!



LATER...



SO YOU'RE MASTER OF THE SITUATION, EH? WELL, SUPPOSE I LET YOU IN ON A SECRET. THAT'S NOT THE POWERSTONE YOU'RE HOLDING, BUT AN IMITATION I FASHIONED MYSELF BEFORE COMING HERE, THE REAL POWERSTONE I'VE HIDDEN WHERE YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT!

BLAST YOU--
I'LL TEAR YOU
TO SHREDS!!

TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THOSE OUTSIDE THE HOME, THE MANSION LITERALLY APPEARS TO FLY APART....

MY GOSH!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON
IN THERE?

A HURRICANE??

A BATTLE OF
COLOSSI!....

WHAT--??
MY STRENGTH...
DEPARTING!

THIS IS
SOMETHING
LIKE AN
IRRESISTIBLE
FORCE MEETING
AN IMMOVABLE
OBJECT!

THE FINAL
TOUCH!--AND
I DO MEAN
FINAL!

OO-OUCH!

AS SUPERMAN BINDS LUTHOR, THE OTHERS
COME OUT OF THE INFLUENCE OF THE
ELECTRICAL SHOCK...

WH-WHERE
AM I?

I FORGOT. WHEN
THE EFFECTS OF MY
ELECTRICAL TREAT-
MENT WEAR OFF, AS
THEY JUST HAVE, MY
STRENGTH RETURNS
TO THAT OF AN
ORDINARY HUMAN.
I WON'T POSSESS
SUPER-STRENGTH
AGAIN UNTIL I GET
ANOTHER ELECTRIC-
TREATMENT.

AND
UNLESS
I MISS MY
GUESS, THE
LAW WILL
SEE TO IT
THAT THAT
WILL BE
NEVER!

AS SUMMONED
POLICE TAKE
CHARGE OF THE
SITUATION....

FREE AT
LAST OF
LUTHOR'S
THREATS!
THANK
HEAVEN!

BUT YOU'VE
GOT TO
GIVE ONE
OF US THREE
MILLION...
YOU
PROMISED!

I SUGGEST YOU
MILLIONAIRES FOR-
GET THAT PROMISE...
OR I'LL REVEAL IN
THE PLANET WHO
YOU ARE AND WHY
YOU WANTED THE
MONEY.

SO LONG,
SUPERMAN.
AND THANKS
FOR A SWELL
NEWS STORY!

DON'T THANK
ME YET. I HAVE
A HUNCH CLARK
KENT WILL GET
THE STORY INTO
PRINT BEFORE
YOU DO!

THE END



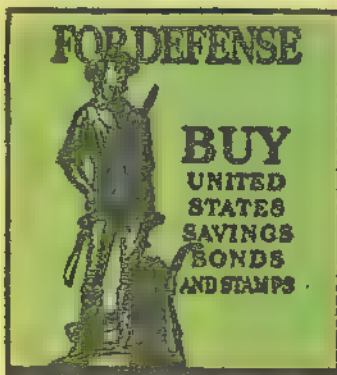
SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

HELLO again, Members! As this issue goes to press, the United States has been at war for a little more than a week, and I want to talk to you about some of the things which YOU can do to aid in the great effort which the American people must make to carry the war to a successful conclusion.

In the first place, you can simply be proud that you are an American—a free person, able to hold up your head in the company of citizens of the other democracies: Great Britain, China, our Good Neighbors in Central and South America, and all the representatives of Europe's governments in exile.

You can be of real service to your country and its allies by thinking only in terms of ultimate victory, and by not voicing any doubts as to the outcome of the war. Don't listen to people with long faces and short vision who say we are not strong, for we are the strongest people in the world, and America is rich in resources and courage.

If any of the older members of your family are engaged in de-



fense work, probably they talk about it in the privacy of the family circle. You can help your government by refraining from repeating any of these things outside your home. We must all be careful that vital information does not reach unfriendly ears—and we cannot always be certain which ears are friendly and which are unfriendly.

You can also help by doing everything possible to aid the Civilian Defense authorities. In many communities, young people are volunteering as Junior Air Raid Wardens, and others are making themselves useful in headquarters of the American Red Cross and other agencies doing

work of the same sort. If you are a Boy Scout or a Girl Scout, doubtless your troop is participating in organized activities along these lines.

We all know it takes a great deal of money to carry on a war, and we can all help carry that burden simply by saving—which means buying Defense Bonds and Stamps. Part of every salaried person's income, and part of the allowance of every boy and girl, should go into helping the government. So, **BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS!** And on top of that, urge others to buy them, also.

We are all determined to **REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR**—to remember the cowardly attack upon us. And we are all determined to show the world that the motto of the **SUPERMEN OF AMERICA**—"Strength, Courage and Justice"—can be the winning motto of an entire nation. We will all do our parts in proving to despots and tyrants that the American People are the **SUPERMEN OF THE WORLD!**

Sincerely,

CLARK KENT

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Neptune No.7)

KLMLUK FVBY JVBUAYF
DPAO KLMLUZL ZAHWTZ!

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

APRIL

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the **SUPERMAN of AMERICA**. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

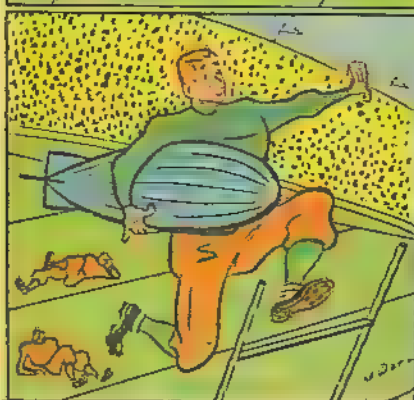
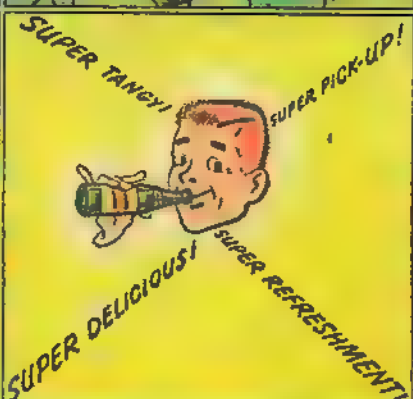
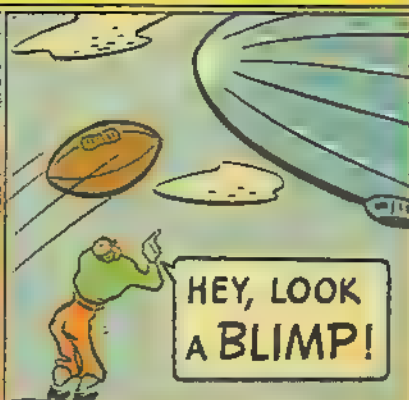
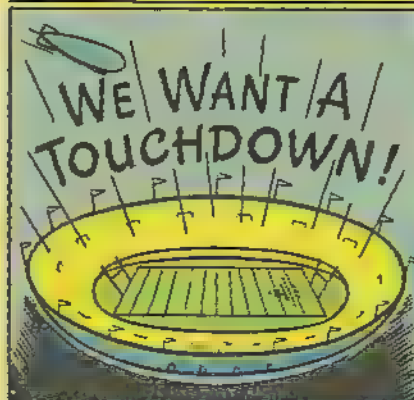
STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....



GOSH! I'M SO STRONG
SOMETIMES I SCARE
MYSELF!

"SUPER" DUPER ... THE ONE-MAN TEAM



READ HOW TO FEEL LIKE A MILLION FOR A LITTLE!

Here's my secret method for feeling so good my muscles pop out!

Whenever I'm thirsty I uncap a gingery, bubbling, super-delicious bottle of Canada Dry Ginger Ale

Zip, zing, pep, and pick-up are this drink's middle name. Try it!

FREE! Genuine man-eating tiger shark's tooth. Just send one Canada Dry bottle cap to Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., P. O. Box 847, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y.

SUPERCHARGED WITH SUPER-PEP!

NEW "SPLIT" SIZE

GET THE HANDY HOME CARTON. COSTS NO MORE THAN "POP"

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE

VIGILANTE



A NEW MONARCH OF CRIME FLAUNTS HIS PACK OF MURDER MINIONS WITH A SINISTER FLOURISH AS HE FLOUTS THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER! THE SCORPION! AGAINST THE CUNNING BRAIN BEHIND THE RUTHLESS RAIDS, A RIP-SNORTING COWPOKE OF THE WESTERN RANGES PITS LARIAT LORE AND EXPLOSIVE FISTS! FOLLOW THE VIGILANTE AS HE WHIRLS IN CYCLONIC PURSUIT OF THE GREEN-COWLED MENACE WHOSE STING IS DEATH!

THE CREAM OF SOCIETY IS GATHERED AT THE FAMOUS VICTORIA CONCERT HALL!



aid to the ALLIES
BENEFIT

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, DURING THE INTERMISSION OF OUR SPECIAL BENEFIT PERFORMANCE, YOU WILL HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO CONTRIBUTE TO THIS WORTHY CAUSE. WE URGE YOU TO BE GENEROUS!

BRAVO!

CLAP
CLAP

PRETTY GIRLS, WITH BASKETS CIRCULATE THROUGH THE THEATER.

THANK YOU, SIR!

A THOUSAND OUGHT TO HELP!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

YOU HAVE BEEN GENEROUS. WE HAVE COLLECTED \$50,000! THANK YOU! NOW, OUR CONCERT WILL RESUME WITH A SELECTION BY OUR STRING QUARTET!

THOSE MEN AREN'T THE HADDEN STRING QUARTET!

CLAP

CLAP
CLAP

SUDDENLY!

LOOK!

MACHINE GUNS IN THE VIOLIN CASES...

THEY'RE TAKING THE MONEY!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM...
--UH-H-W!

RAT
RAT

EEK!

THEY'VE SHOT THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES.

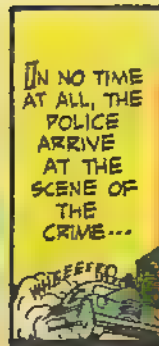
OKAY, FELLAS,
LET'S SCRAM!



STAGE D

GET UNDER THOSE BLANKETS. WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY...!

THEY'LL NEVER GUESS WE'RE MAKING OUR GETAWAY IN THIS CREEPING OLD JALOPY!

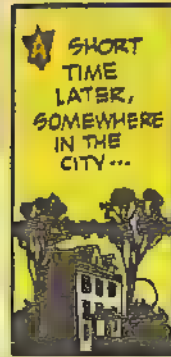


IN NO TIME AT ALL, THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

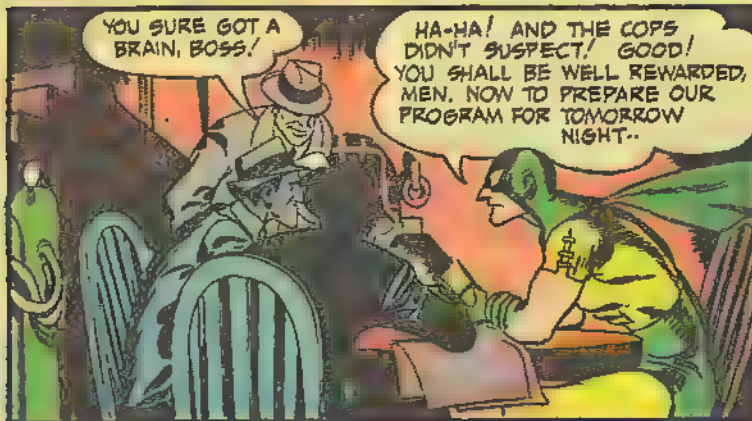


SEE ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS, PHIL?

NO, SIR! THOSE CROOKS MUST HAVE HAD A SUPERCHARGED AUTOMOBILE! THEY SURE DISAPPEARED PAST.

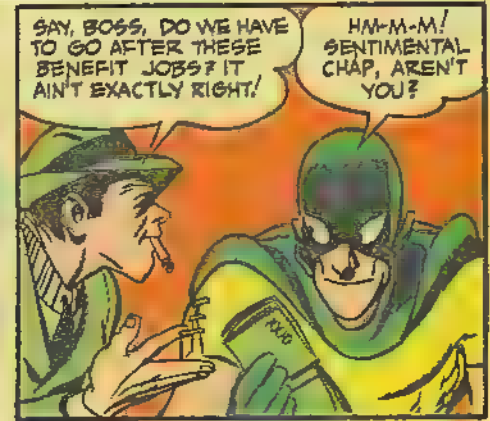


A SHORT TIME LATER, SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY...



YOU SURE GOT A BRAIN, BOSS!

HA-HA! AND THE COPS DIDN'T SUSPECT! GOOD! YOU SHALL BE WELL REWARDED, MEN. NOW TO PREPARE OUR PROGRAM FOR TOMORROW NIGHT...



SAY, BOSS, DO WE HAVE TO GO AFTER THESE BENEFIT JOBS? IT AIN'T EXACTLY RIGHT!

HM-M-M! SENTIMENTAL CHAP, AREN'T YOU?



WELL, YES AND NO--- AAAGH!

SORRY, SHORTY--

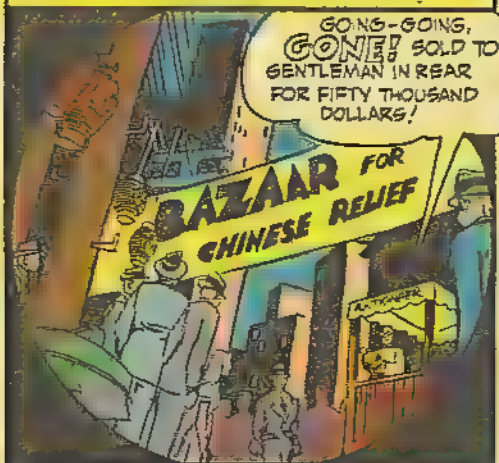


BUT WE HAVE NO PLACE FOR SENTIMENT IN THIS ORGANIZATION---



--TCH-TCH-- POOR FELLOW---I WAS FOND OF HIM- I REALLY WAS! NOW, MEN! TOMORROW NIGHT---

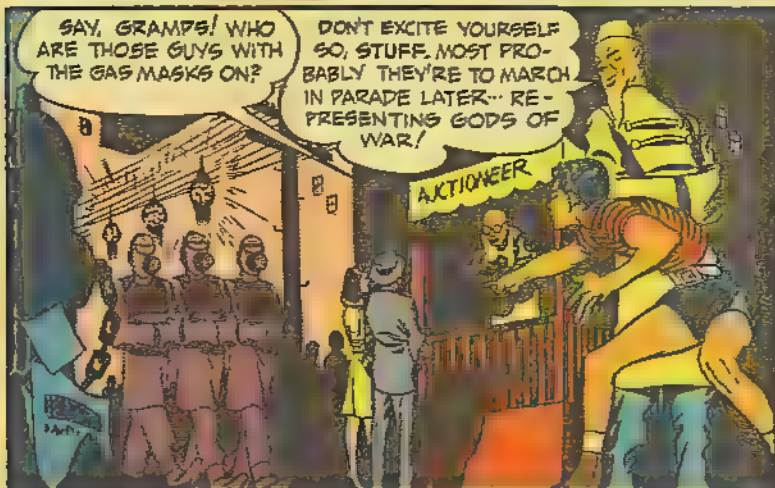
THE NEXT NIGHT...
IN THE HEART OF MYSTERIOUS CHINATOWN,
A FESTIVAL IS IN PROGRESS.



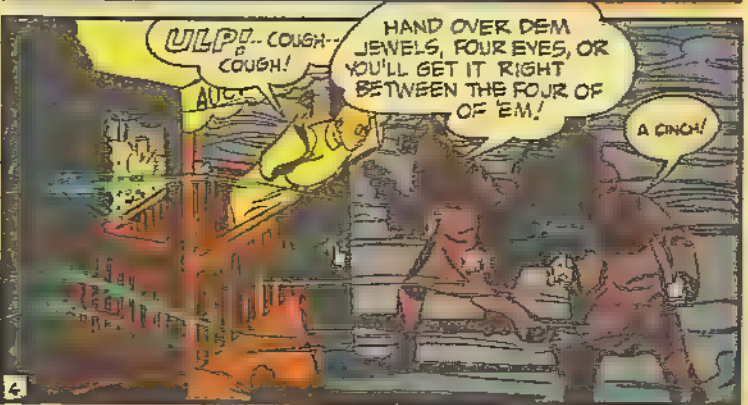
RICH MAN AND POOR MAN
UNITE IN A COMMON CAUSE—



ALSO PRESENT IS YOUNG "STUFF,"
YOUTHFUL CHINESE FRIEND OF THE
VIGILANTE--AND HIS GRANDPAP--LIN CHOO.



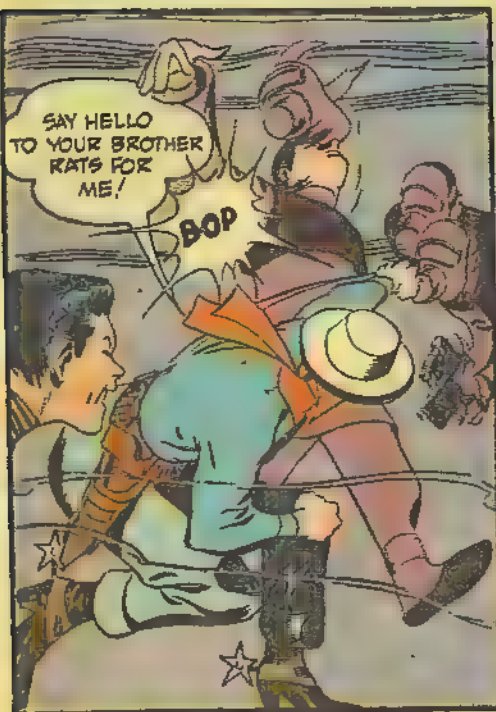
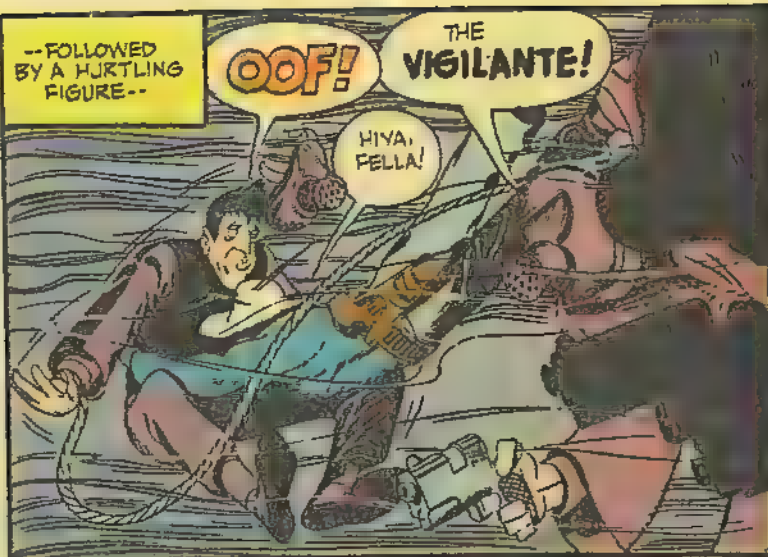
GREAT CLOUDS OF SMOKE POUR
FROM THE BULLET-RIDDLED CHINESE
LANTERNS.



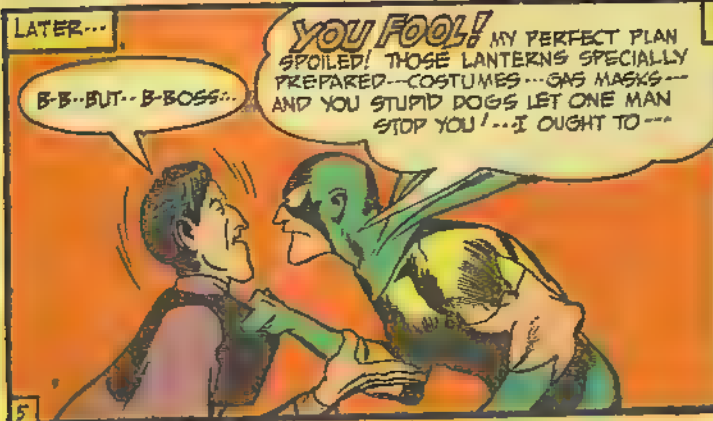
BUT LIKE A STRIKING SNAKE, A NOOSE WRITHES THRU THE BILLOWY SMOKE---



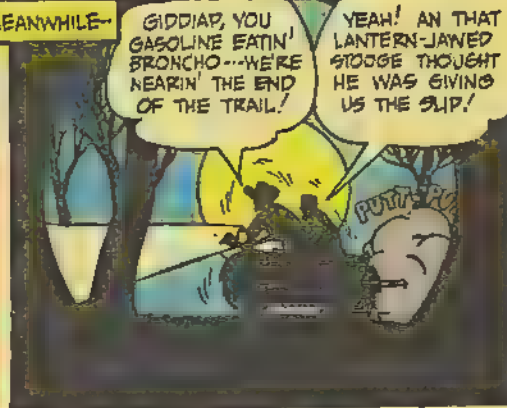
--FOLLOWED BY A HURTLING FIGURE--



LATER---



MEANWHILE--



MOMENTS LATER-OUTSIDE THE SCORPION'S LAIR.

THAT'S ODD! THERE'RE ONLY TWO MEN DOWN THERE AND BOTH APPEAR TO BE DEAD! OH-OH! ONE IS MOVING SLIGHTLY! THIS LOOKS ALMOST TOO EASY!

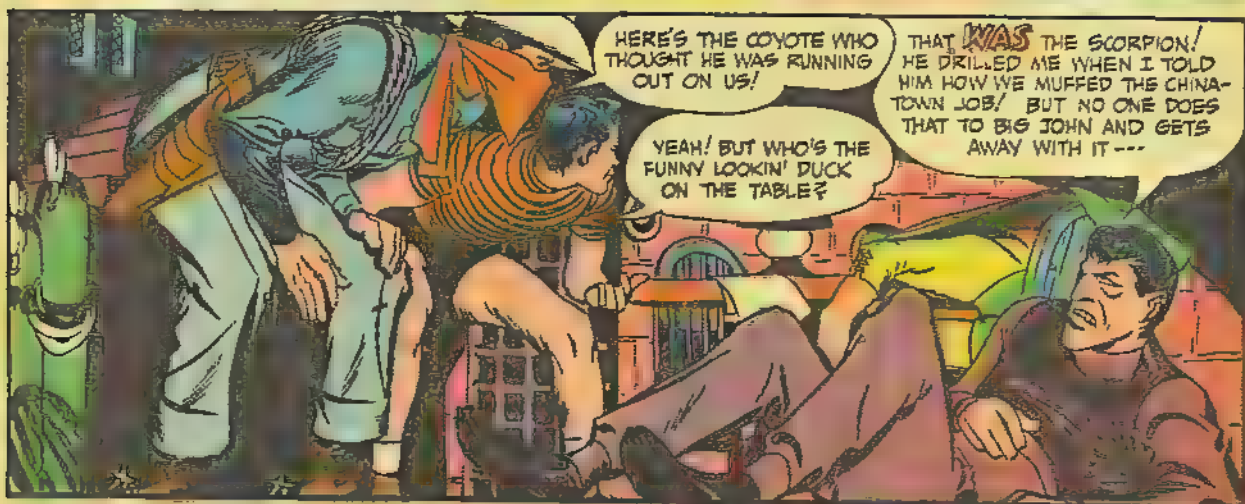
WELL-WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S BREAK IN!

NO SOONER SAID THAN...

YIPPEE!

EASY, STUFF. I'M STILL NOT CONVINCED THAT THIS SETUP ISN'T A PHONEY!

YOUR IMAGINATION'S RUNNING AWAY WITH YOU, VIG!



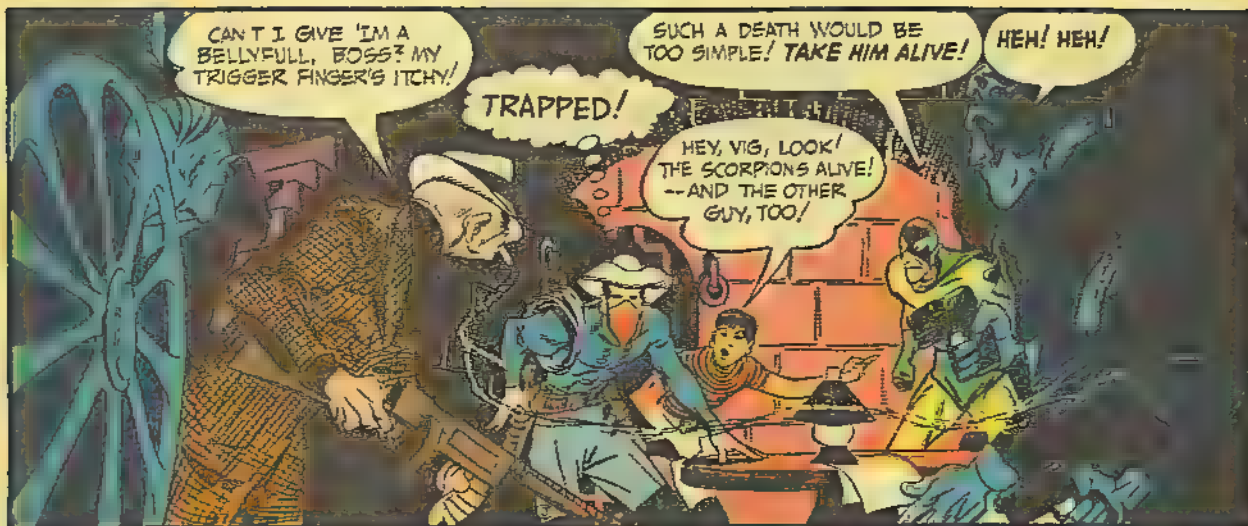
--BEFORE HE COULD BAT AN EYE, I SLAMMED SIX SLUGS INTO HIM---YEAH---SIX! HEH! HEH! HE FOLDED LIKE A BUSTED BALLOON!---UGH--- I'M DONE FOR ---

THE SCORPION, SHE NEVER HEARD OF HIM! BUT WE'LL FIND OUT WHO HE REALLY WAS, RIGHT NOW!

THE WESTERN WARRIOR AND HIS EASTERN SIDEKICK BEND OVER THE SLUMPED FIGURE---WHEN--SUDDENLY!

DON'T MOVE, VIGILANTE!





CAN'T I GIVE 'IM A
BELLYFULL, BOSS? MY
TRIGGER FINGER'S ITCHY!

TRAPPED!

SUCH A DEATH WOULD BE
TOO SIMPLE! TAKE HIM ALIVE!

HEH! HEH!

HEY, VIG, LOOK!
THE SCORPIONS ALIVE!
--AND THE OTHER
GUY, TOO!

HA-AAA! PRETTY CLEVER, EH,
VIGILANTE? YOU SEE--UNLIKE
MANY WHO DEAL IN CRIME--I
NEVER UNDERESTIMATE MY
OPPONENTS WITS. HA-AAA---
BIG JOHN'S ACTING WAS
SUPERB--- SUPERB!
HEE! HEE! HEE!



SUDDENLY---WITH CAT-LIKE SPEED---



ACTORS, EH? WELL,
LET'S GET SOME
ACTION IN THIS SCENE!

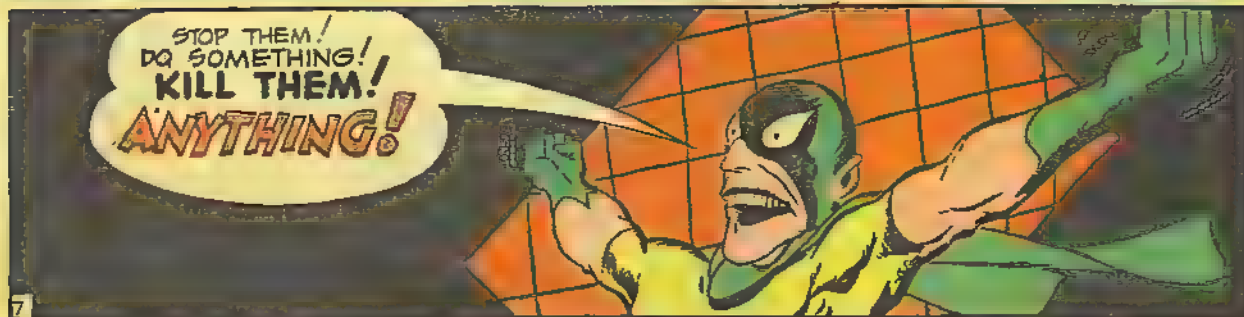
WHEEL! SECOND
ACT CURTAIN GOING
UP!



GOOD EXPRESSION!
YOU'RE IN THE WRONG
PROFESSION!



YOU SURE HAD
US FOOLED, BIG
JOHN---
CONGRATULATIONS!



STOP THEM!
DO SOMETHING!
KILL THEM!
ANYTHING!

BUT THE SCORPION'S FRANTIC CRIES GO UNHEEDED--

HM-M-M IF I HADN'T SEEN IT, I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT!

SLOWLY, THE DYNAMIC DUO ADVANCES TOWARD THE MASTER MENACE---

A PLEASURE!

COME AND GET ME, VIGILANTE! BRING THE BRAT ALONG!

I WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR ANY-THING!

THE PARTNERS IN CRIME-- BUSTING LUNGE FORWARD, ONLY TO BE MET BY--

GAS!
UGH!

OH!

SURPRISE!

AH! THIS IS INDEED IRONIC, VIGILANTE...THAT YOU SHOULD SUCCEMB TO THE SAME GAS ATTACK YOU FOILED IN CHINATOWN!

BUT ENOUGH OF THIS PLAY ON WORDS! THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOUR DEMISE!

LATER---

HOW DO WE GET OUT OF THIS PICKLE, VIS?

I DON'T KNOW PARTNER! FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, YOU'RE GOING TO BE HOT STUFF AND I'M GOING INTO A SLOW BURN!

WELL-WELL! THE GAS HAS WORN OFF! BUT THE GASOLINE TREATMENT SHOULD PROVE MORE PERMANENT! GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN. I'LL GIVE YOUR BEST TO THE COWS AND CHICKENS!

SIMPLY THAT WHEN THE FLAME FROM THE CANDLE BURNS THE ROPE, THE CANDLE WILL DROP INTO THE BARREL OF GASOLINE! WHEW, I FEEL WARM ALREADY!

HE'S GONE! WHAT DID HE MEAN, VIS?

SLOWLY, THE FLAME EATS AT THE ROPE--WEAKER AND WEAKER BECOME THE SUPPORTING STRANDS---



SCRAPE! DID YOU SAY SCRAPE? BOY, AM I DUMB!--AND WITH PUDDLES OF GASOLINE RIGHT UNDER MY FEET!



QUICKLY THE VIGILANTE SCRAPES HIS SPUR ON THE COBBLED FLOOR--A SPARK SHOOT'S OUT---



THE WESTERN WADDY STRAINS HIS ROCKHARD LEG MUSCLES AGAINST THE FLAME-WEAKENED BONDS---



DIGGING HIS SPURS INTO THE WOODEN POST, THE "VIG" SHINNIES UP TO THE TOP---



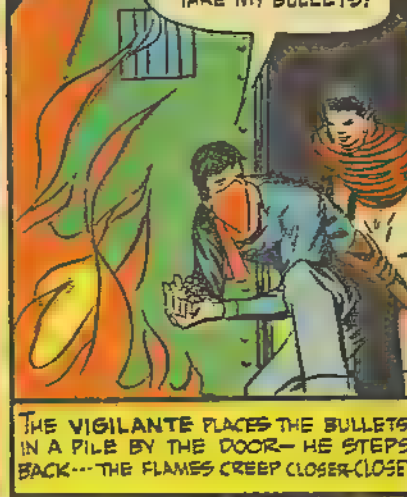
BUT NO! THE CANDLE PLUNGES DOWN AS THE VALIANT RANGE RIDER LEAPS OFF THE POST---



FLAMES BURST ALL ABOUT AS STUFF IS SET FREE!

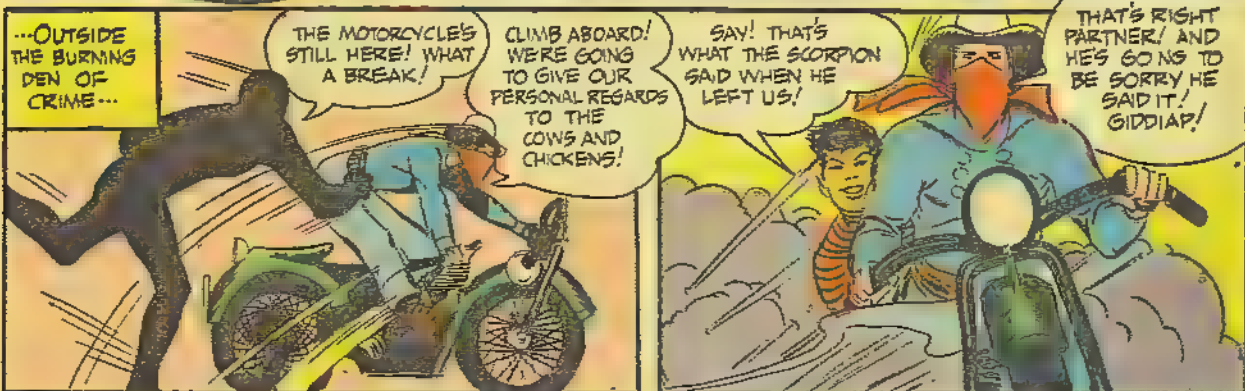
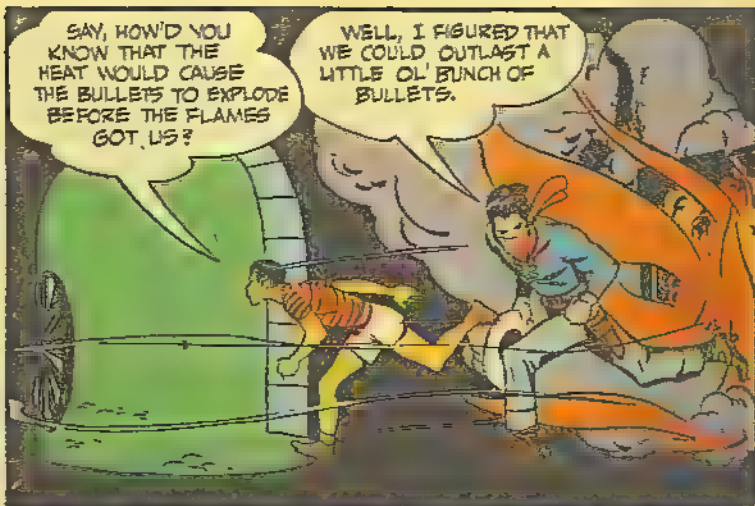


Y'SEE, STUFF, THE SCORPION TOOK MY GUNS--BUT HE DIDN'T TAKE MY BULLETS!



THE VIGILANTE PLACES THE BULLETS IN A PILE BY THE DOOR--HE STEPS BACK--THE FLAMES CREEP CLOSER-CLOSER

---SECONDS LATER---

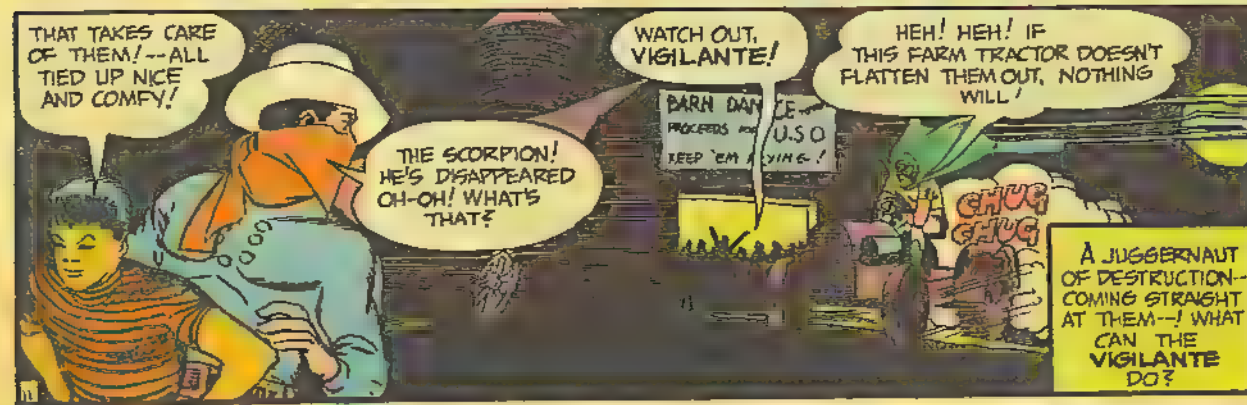
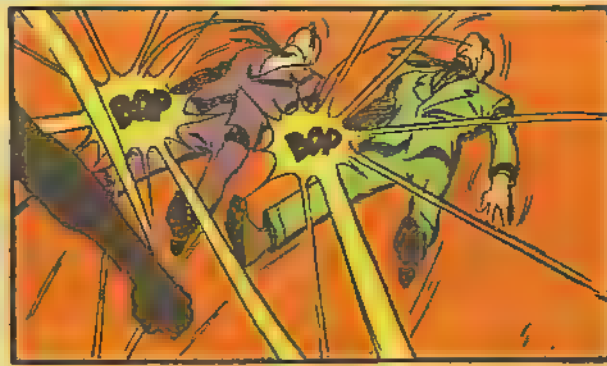
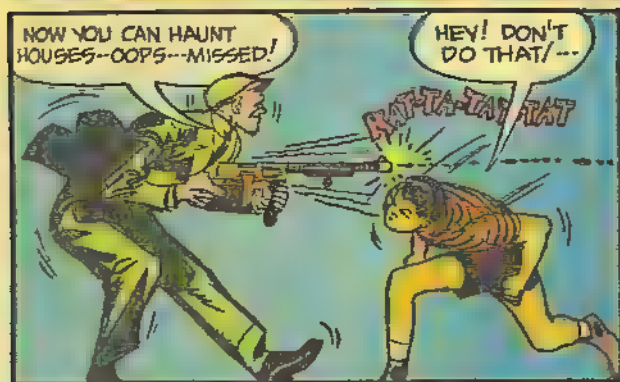


IN THE MEANTIME, UNSUSPECTING MERRY-MAKERS ARE SHOCKED INTO SILENCE BY MENACING GUNS---



AS THE INSIDIOUS GROUP EXITS ----SUDDENLY!





--IN A FLASH, THE VIGILANTE HOPS ON HIS MOTORCYCLE---

STAY HERE, STUFF! KEEP AN EYE ON THE BUZZARDS WE TIED UP! I'LL TRY TO STOP THIS MURDER-MAD HYENA FROM RUNNIN' WILD!

NOW I'M DOWN, VIG!



--AND SCOOTS OUT OF THE PATH OF THE THUNDERING TRACTOR--

RATS!



--THEN STOPS A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY--

NOW YOU COME AND GET ME, SCORPION--AND BRING THAT TOY WITH YOU!

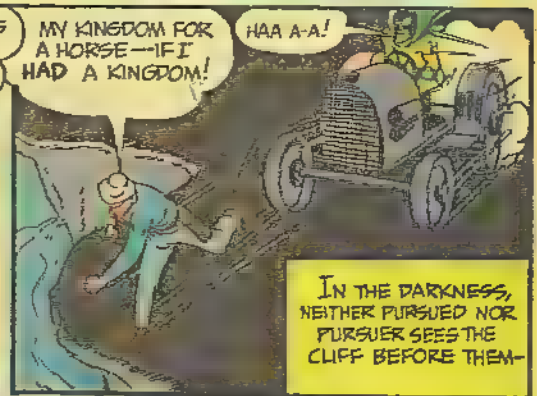


COMING, VIGILANTE!

WOW! THE MOTOR'S GONE DEAD! LOOKS LIKE I'M NEXT!

MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE--IF I HAD A KINGDOM!

HAA A-A!

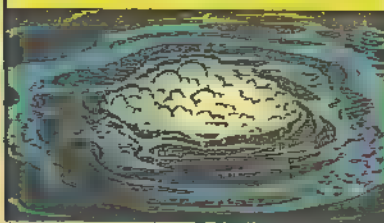


IN THE DARKNESS, NEITHER PURSUED NOR PURSUER SEES THE CLIFF BEFORE THEM--

SUDDENLY!

VA-A-AHHH!

FOR A MOMENT, ONLY BUBBLES MARK THEIR DESCENT INTO THE MURKY WATER



--THEN A HEAD POPS UP-- THE VIGILANTE!

WHEW!



LATER---

--AND YOU COULDN'T LOCATE HIS BODY? LOOKS LIKE THE SCORPION OUTSMARTED HIMSELF! --BUT WHY DID HE ROB BENEFITS ONLY?

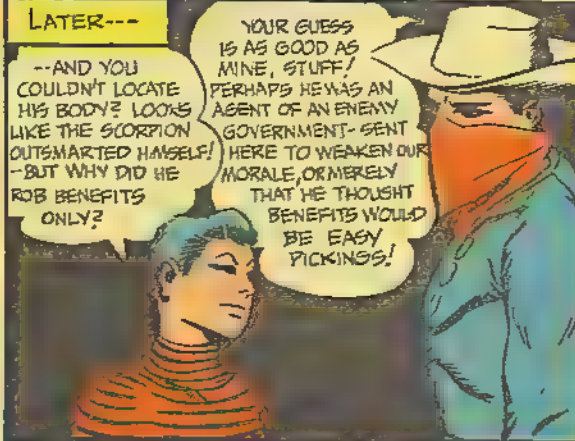
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE, STUFF! PERHAPS HE WAS AN AGENT OF AN ENEMY GOVERNMENT- SENT HERE TO WEAKEN OUR MORALE, OR MERELY THAT HE THOUGHT BENEFITS WOULD BE EASY PICKINGS!

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

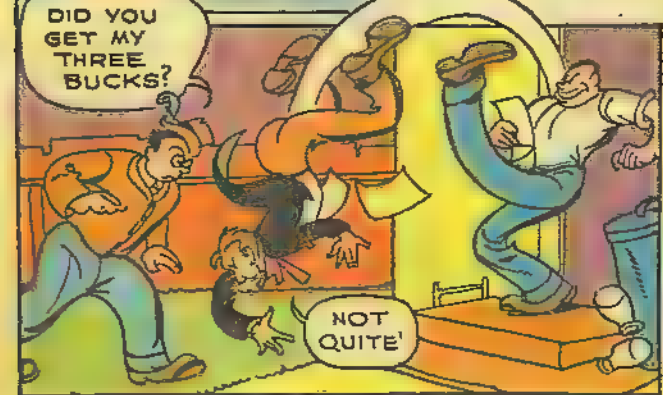
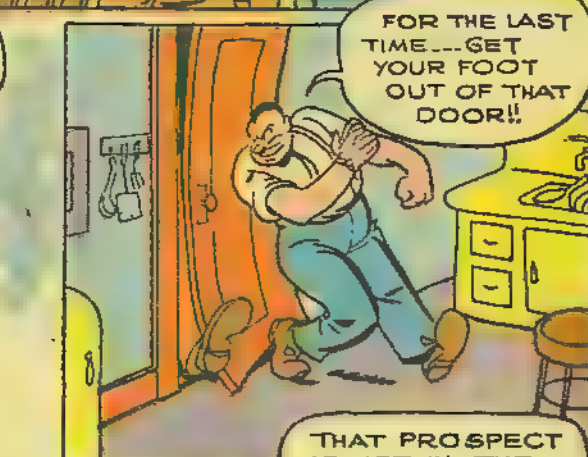
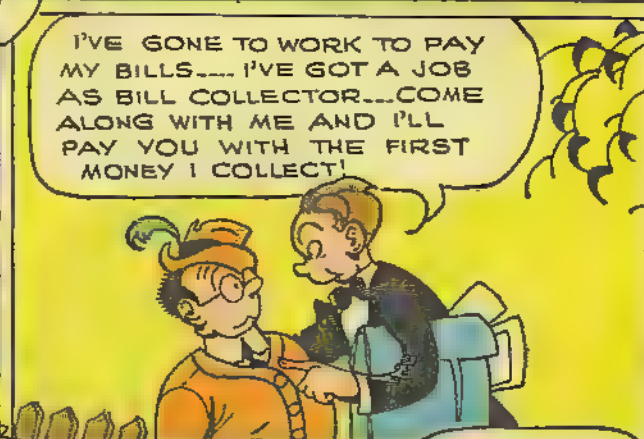
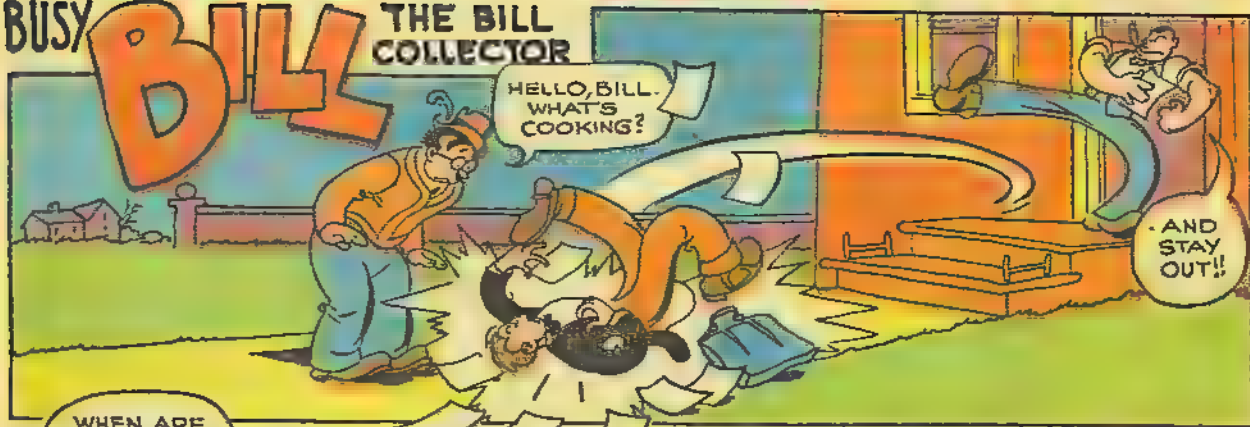
AT ANY RATE, THE SCORPION'S SARDONIC LAUGH WILL NEVER MORE BE HEARD--FOR HE HAS GONE TO A WATERY GRAVE--OR HAS HE?

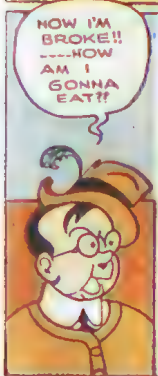
HM-M-M!

The End--



BUSY BILL THE BILL COLLECTOR







WAR PLANES DRIVE OVER THE BILLOWY WASTES OF THE PACIFIC... BOMBS AND CANNON THUNDER EAR-GRITTING BLASTS OF DESTRUCTION... ALL-OUT WAR LOOSES ITS FURY AS THE AIR-CRAFT CARRIER "PRESIDENT" MOVES INTO THE COMBAT ZONE, CARRYING IN ITS COMPANY OF AVIATORS... THE THREE ACES!!!

HIGH ABOVE A RUMMING FORMATION OF JAP BOMBERS MOVES GUNNER IN HIS POWERFUL PURSUIT PLANE....

HERE THEY COME... ALL SET FOR THE "PRESIDENT"!!

WING-CONCEALED MACHINE GUNS SPLATTER LEADEN MAIL AT THE ENEMY...

YOU ASKED FOR IT, BROTHER... AND YOU SURE ARE GOING TO GET IT!

A FEW HOURS BEFORE... IN MESS HALL, GUNNER MEETS FOG AND WHISTLING WIL...



SEE ANYTHING OF LEE? I LOST SIGHT OF HIM

N'T THINK 'IS DOWN' IN NOW

...WITH A PACKAGE UNDER HIS ARM

I FOUND THEM IN MY DUFFLE BAG. BOYS I'M STICKING ONE UP FOR EACH JAP I KNOCK OUT OF THE AIR



WHAT N'ARE THEY, LEE?

YOU BOYS KNOW I WAS AN ARTIST BEFORE I LEFT THE COAST, I DREW THESE AND MADE 'EM INTO DECALS



THEY STICK ON WOOD AND GLASS WITH A LITTLE WATER, EH? NOT A BAD IDEA

at JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS IN THE CAROLINE ISLANDS...



A SQUADRON OF ATLANTIC SHIPS IS MOVING THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL TO JOIN THE PACIFIC FLEET... THEY MUST BE STOPPED...

BUT HOW?



ONLY THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER 'PRESIDENT' PATROLS THOSE WATERS TO GUARD AGAINST SURPRISE - IT MUST BE DESTROYED TO ALLOW OUR FLEET TO ATTACK THE AMERICANS!



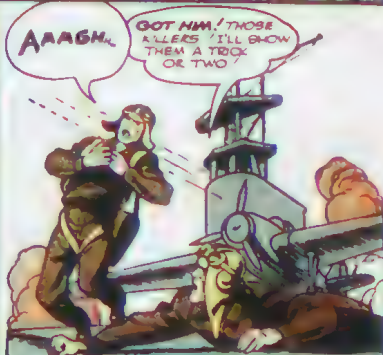
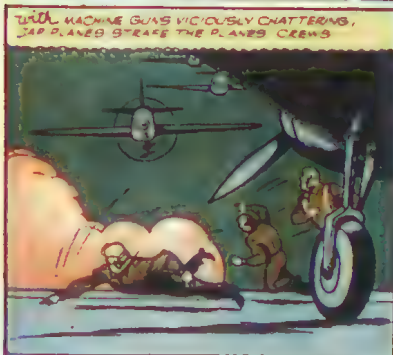
...BOON, HEAVY BOMBERS AND TWO BATTLE SHIPS SET OUT FOR "THE CRUISING PRESIDENT"



UNAWARE THAT OVERWHELMING FORCES ARE HEADING THEIR WAY, THE ACES AND LEE ROLLINS GATHER IN THEIR ROOM...

THIS IS FOR THE ONE I SHOT TODAY! ONE OF THESE GOES UP FOR EACH ONE I BRING DOWN

I HOPE YOU STICK UP A LOT OF THEM!



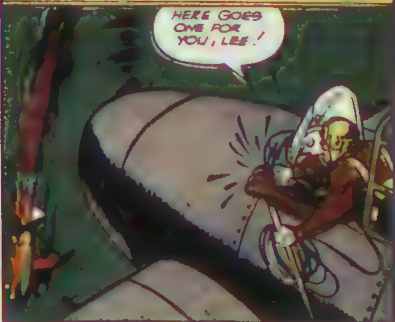
THE JAPANESE GUN THEIR PLANES SKYWARD IN THE FACE OF WITHERING HAILS OF BULLETS...

THOSE LITTLE RAT-TAT-TAT GUNS WON'T HELP YOU ANY!



NOW A PLANE IN FLAMES DROPS IN FRONT OF WILL'S GUNS...

HERE GOES ONE FOR YOU, LEE!



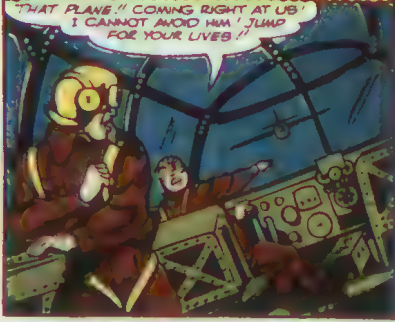
-- A DARING SPIRAL LOOPS HIM CLOSE TO AN ENEMY PLANE-- A SAVAGE SWIPE WITH HIS HOOD AND A DECAL IS STUCK ON THE JAP PLANE'S WINDSHIELD!

THAT'S ONE OF THEM!



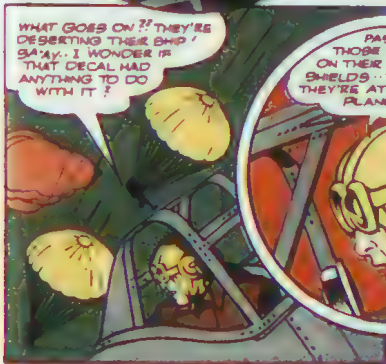
INSIDE THE JAP PLANE, CONSTERNATION REIGNS...

THAT PLANE!! COMING RIGHT AT US! I CANNOT AVOID HIM! JUMP FOR YOUR LIVES!!



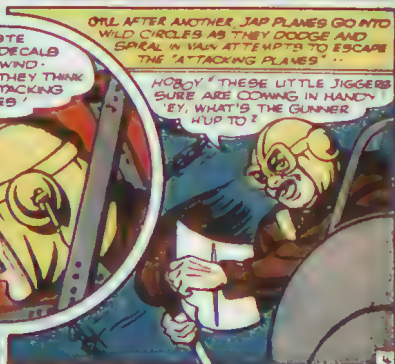
WHAT GOES ON?? THEY'RE DESERTING THEIR BND! SA'AY.. I WONDER IF THAT DECAL HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT?

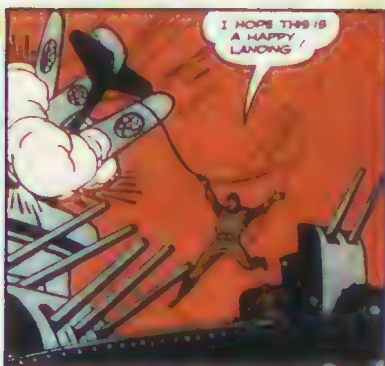
PASTE THOSE DECALS ON THEIR WINDSHIELDS.. THEY THINK THEY'RE ATTACKING PLANES!



AFTER ANOTHER JAP PLANE GO INTO WILD CIRCLES AS THEY DODGE AND SPIRAL IN VAIN ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE THE "ATTACKING PLANES"...

NOBOY! THESE LITTLE JIGGERS SURE ARE COMING IN HANDY 'EY, WHAT'S THE GUNNER HUP TO?







GAGS

BEAT
PUNCH-UP



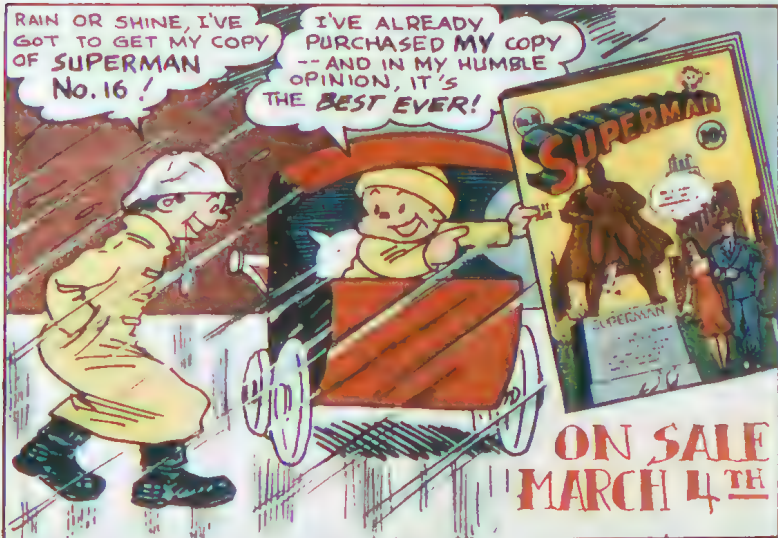
DON'T JUMP YET
WE'RE MAKING BETS
TO SEE IF YOU
MAKE IT!

HOW ABOUT IT?
ARE YOU ~~BE~~ NOT
INTERESTED IN THE
LIFE INSURANCE POLICY?



RAIN OR SHINE, I'VE
GOT TO GET MY COPY
OF **SUPERMAN**
No. 16!

I'VE ALREADY
PURCHASED MY COPY
-- AND IN MY HUMBLE
OPINION, IT'S
THE **BEST EVER!**



AMERICA

and

FAT MAN

by
BERNARD
BAILY

IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, COULD FIERCE PIRATES SAIL BOLDLY INTO NEW YORK HARBOR TO SACK AND LOOT THE WORLD'S GREATEST CITY? IT COULD, IF THOSE PIRATES WERE THE LIVING GHOSTS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SEA ROVERS--- THE ANCIENT VIKINGS OF THE FROZEN NORTH. IT ALMOST HAPPENED --- UNTIL MR. AMERICA AND FAT MAN SET OUT TO RATTLE THE BONES OF... **THE SKELETONS IN ARMOR**.....





WHAT IS IT, SIR?

AN OLD NORSE VIKING SHIP! PROBABLY FROZEN IN AN ICEBERG CENTURIES AGO AND JUST THAWED OUT!

WORD SPREADS LIKE PRAIRIE FIRE AND THOUSANDS JAM THE DOCKS TO SEE THE DERELICT FLOAT IN...



IMAGINE FLOATING FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS!

THE WIND MUST HAVE BLOWN IT INTO THE HARBOR!

THE EXCITEMENT SUDDENLY CHANGES TO HORROR AS...



LOOK! THE OARS ARE MOVING!

THOSE SKELETONS... THEY'RE ROWING RIGHT IN HERE!

THE GHOSTLY CREW ROWS RIGHT UP TO THE DOCKS.....

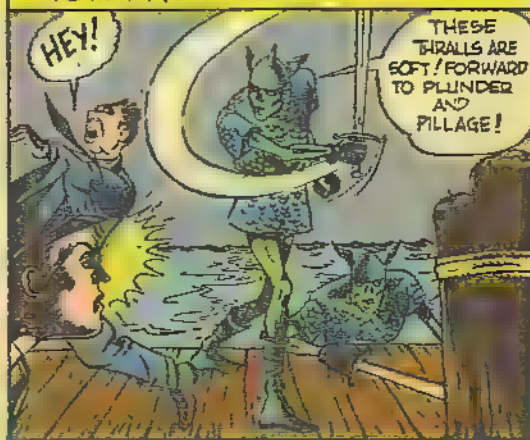


AND AS THEIR BOAT IS MADE SECURE, ONE OF THE ANCIENT SKELETONS SPEAKS.....



HO! I, SWENN, THE TERRIBLE, CLAIM THIS CITY AND ITS TREASURE FOR MY PRIZE!

A POLICEMAN STEPS BRAVELY UP TO CHALLENGE THE VISITOR, BUT RETREATS...



HEY!

THESE THRALLS ARE SOFT! FORWARD TO PLUNDER AND PILLAGE!



BULLETS WON'T STOP THEM!!

A HASTY MEETING OF CIVIL LEADERS IS CALLED TO FACE THE INCREDIBLE EMERGENCY.....

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN BUT IT IS! NEW YORK IS BEING CONQUERED!

...AND THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE GUNS -- ONLY SWORDS!

A SHOCKED CITY SEES THE IMPOSSIBLE PILLAGE PROCEED.....

Y-YOU CAN'T COME IN! THE B-BANKS CLOSED!

ONE SIDE, THRALL!



IN A MID-TOWN HOTEL, NOT FAR AWAY, **TEX THOMSON** AND HIS FRIEND, **BOB DALEY** ARE UNAWARE OF THE EXCITEMENT

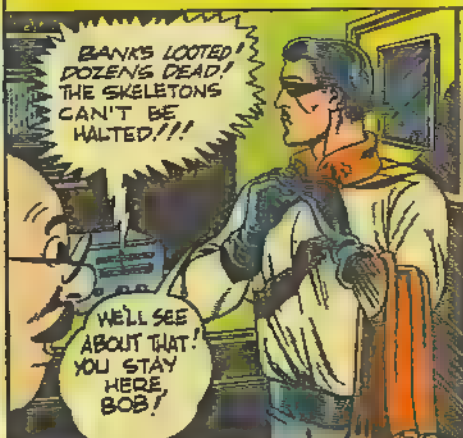
...EVEN IF THE **QUEEN BEE** IS STILL ALIVE, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK SHE'D DARE COME TO **NEW YORK** ?

BECAUSE IT'S THE RICHEST CITY !

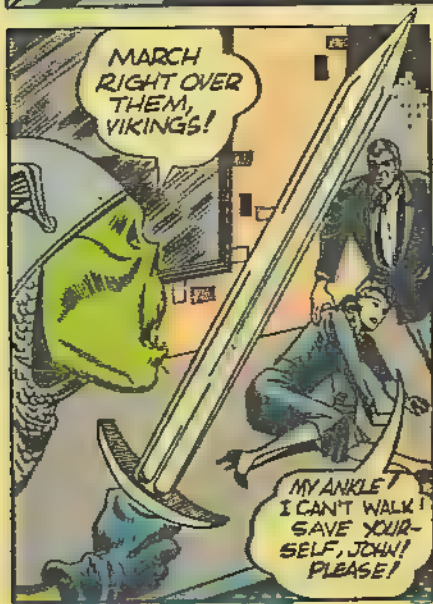
THE **QUEEN BEE** IS THE MOST DANGEROUS WOMAN CRIMINAL ON EARTH! I HAVE A FEELING SHEY HERE, PLOTTING SOME NEW HORROR --- WHAT'S THAT COMMOTION ?



A QUICK CHANGE REVEALS **TEX THOMSON** AS THAT COLORFUL CRIME-FIGHTER, --**MR. AMERICA**!!!

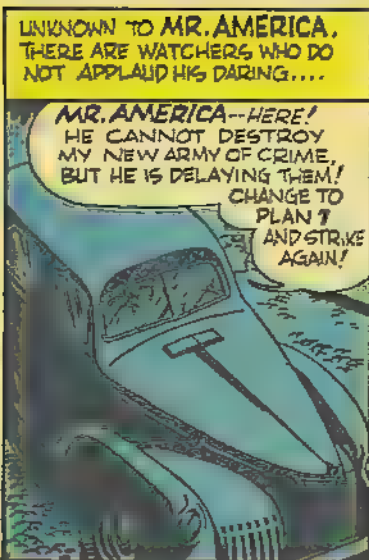
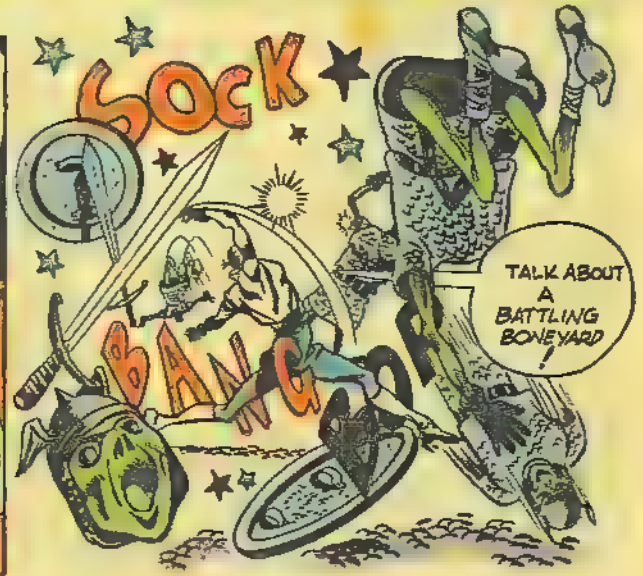
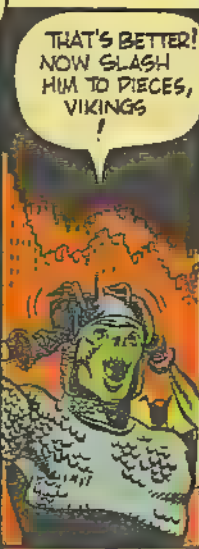
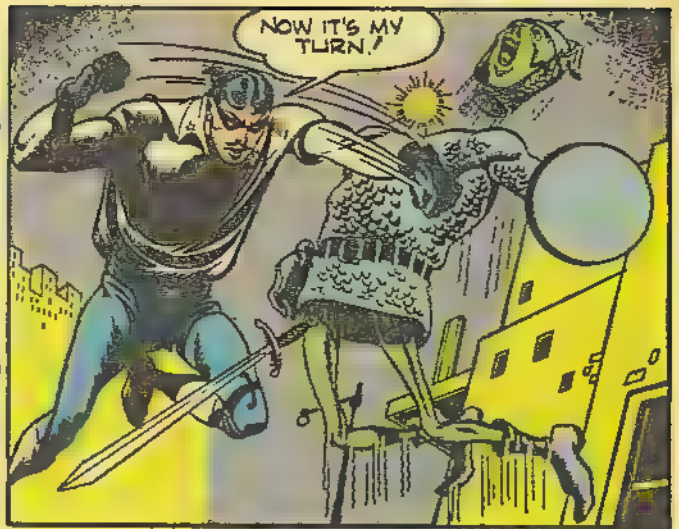
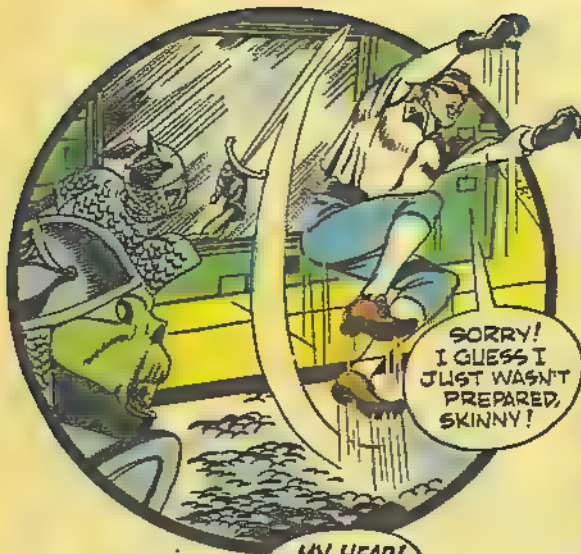


MR. AMERICA CALLS ON HIS MIRACLE DISCOVERY! -- A FLYING MAGIC CARPET...

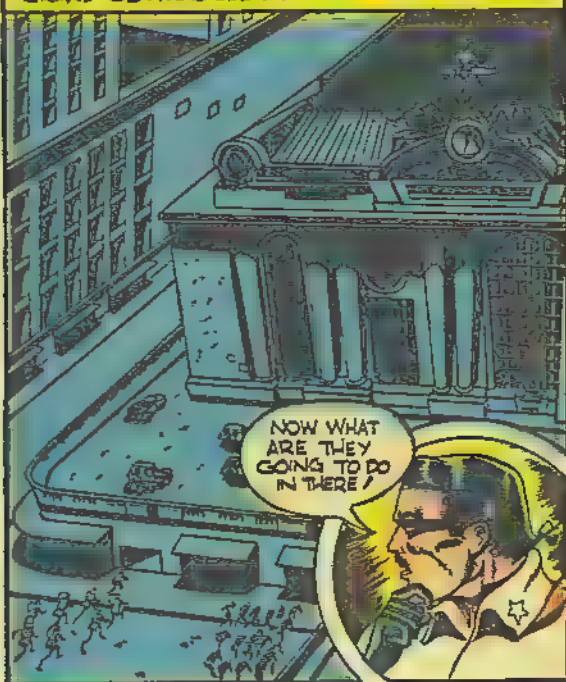


INFURIATED AT **MR. AMERICA**'S INTERFERENCE, **SWENN** THE TERRIBLE ROARS A CHALLENGE.

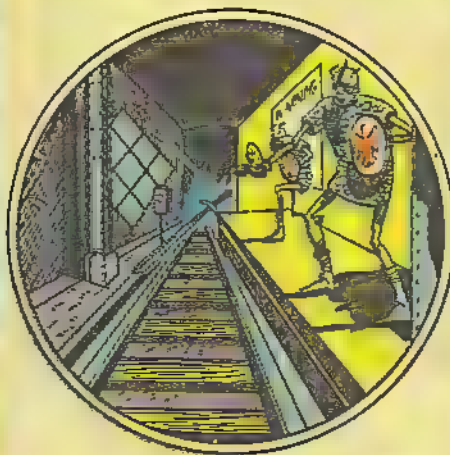




STRANGELY, THE SKELETON ARMY RUNG INTO THE GRAND CENTRAL SUBWAY STATION....



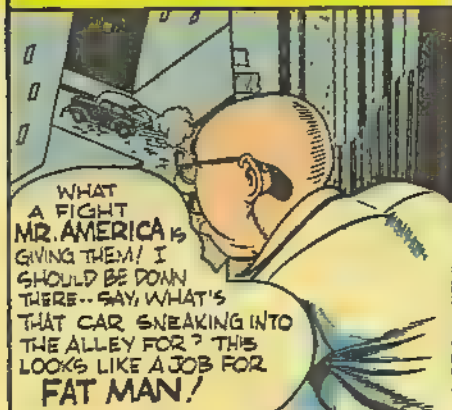
WITHOUT HESITATION, THE TERRIBLE LEADER THROWS HIS SWORD ACROSS THE RAIL CHARGED WITH THOUSANDS OF VOLTS.....



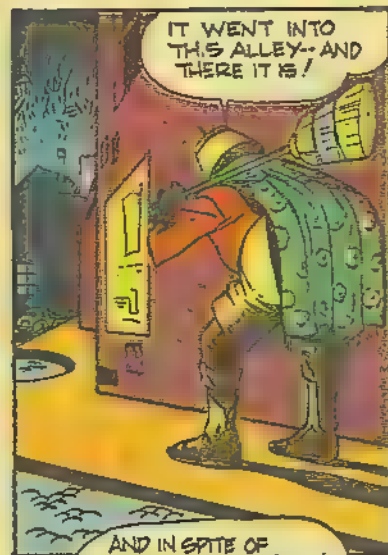
...CAUSING A SHORT CIRCUIT THAT PLUNGES THE SUBWAY INTO DARKNESS...



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE HOTEL.....



THE LITTLE HOTEL ROOM HOUSED NOT ONE BUT TWO DREADED SECRET CRIME-FIGHTERS...

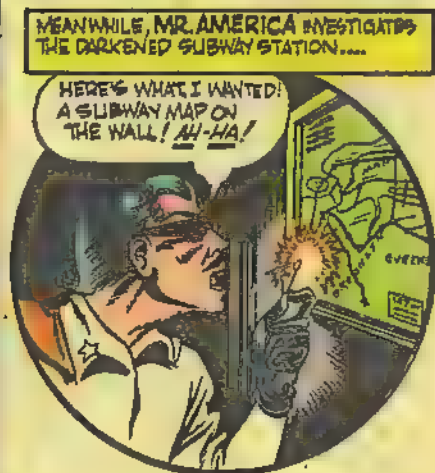
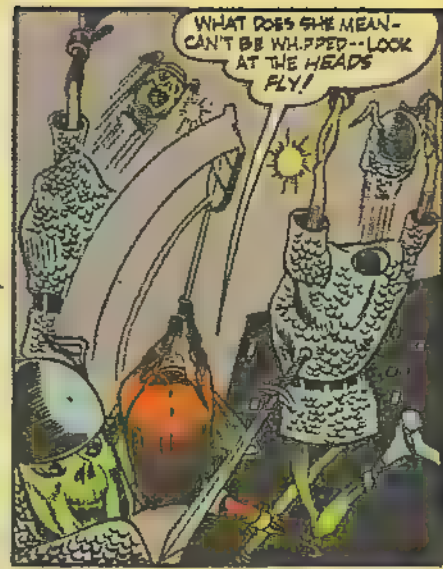


THE FANTASTIC SCENE THAT MET FAT MAN'S EYES....

IT WORKED! NOBODY WOULD EVER DREAM OF A PASSAGE FROM THE SUBWAY!

AND IN SPITE OF MR. AMERICA YOU'RE ALL SAFE! AT LAST I HAVE A CRIME ARMY THAT CAN'T BE WHIPPED!





NOW THAT YOU
KNOW, YOU'LL NOT
LIVE TO TELL ABOUT
IT! SHALL I FINISH
HIM NOW, QUEEN BEE?



YOU BOYS
OUGHT TO GET
YOUR JOINTS
GREASED! YOU SQUEAK!



WATCH
ME RUB
HIM OUT!

NO! I'LL USE HIM AS BAIT
TO LURE MR. AMERICA
INTO OUR CLUTCHES!
THEN--- WH-WHAT?
A RED, WHITE
AND BLUE
FEATHER...!



WHY GO TO ALL
THAT BOTHER QUEENIE?
MR. AMERICA IS
ALREADY HERE!



HUH?

YOU RUBBED
ME THE WRONG
WAY, PAL!



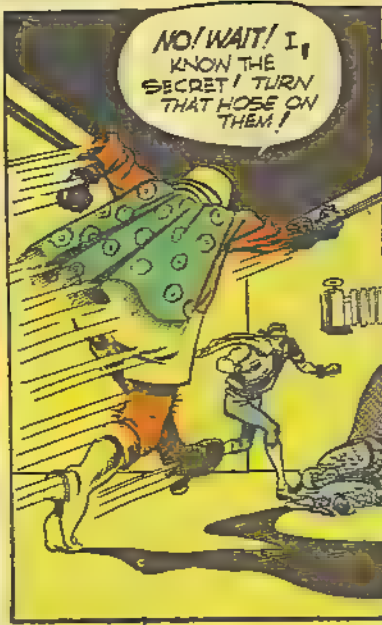
BOOP!

GET HIM! HE
CAN'T HURT YOU
WITH HIS FISTS!

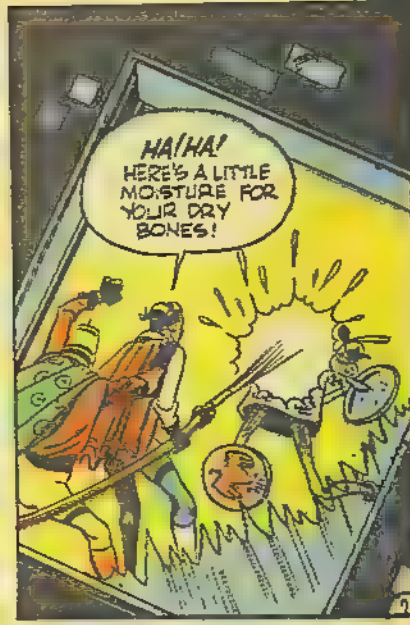
I'LL ENJOY
TRYING!

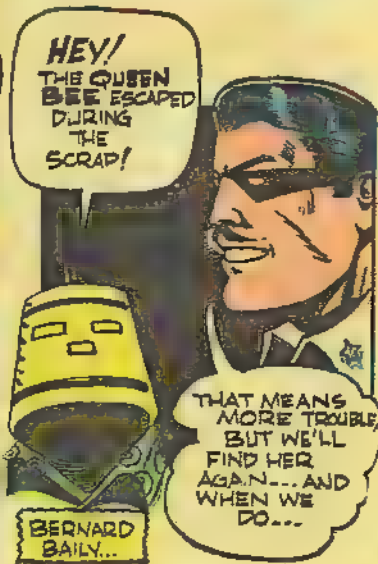
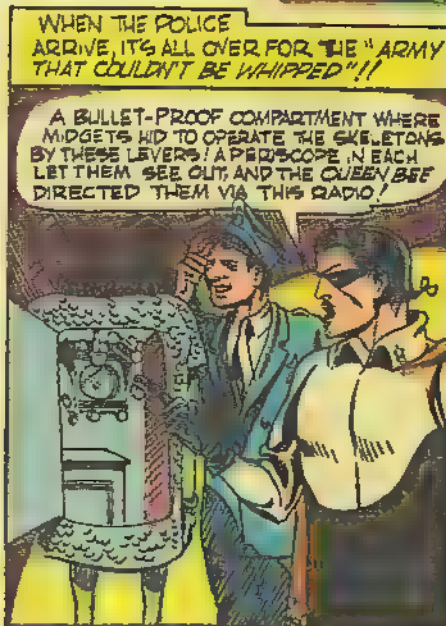
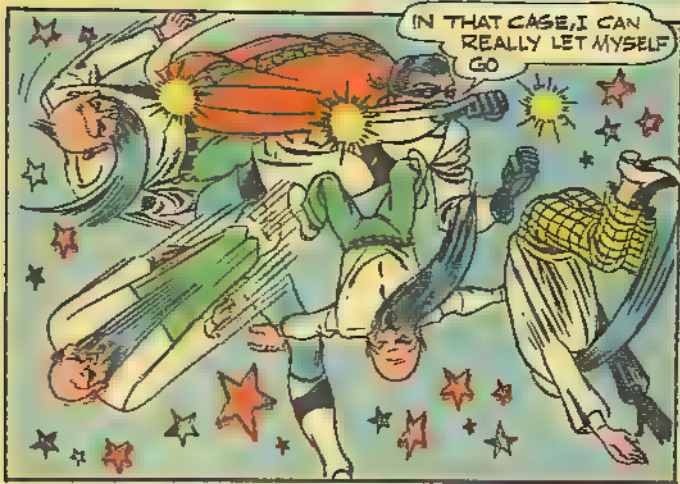


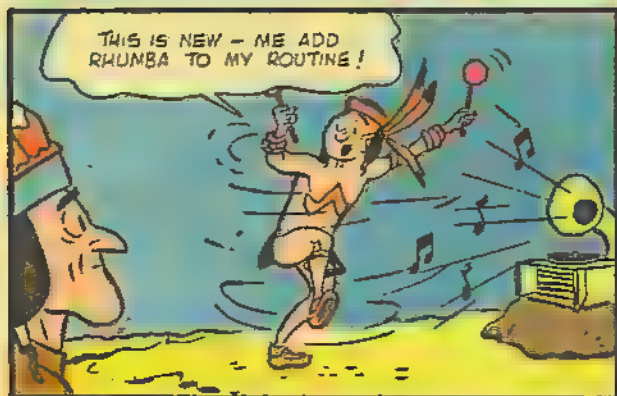
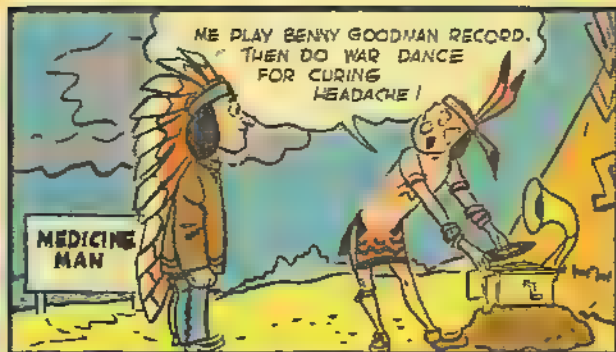
NO! WAIT! I
KNOW THE
SECRET! TURN
THAT HOSE ON
THEM!



HA/HA!
HERE'S A LITTLE
MOISTURE FOR
YOUR DRY
BONES!

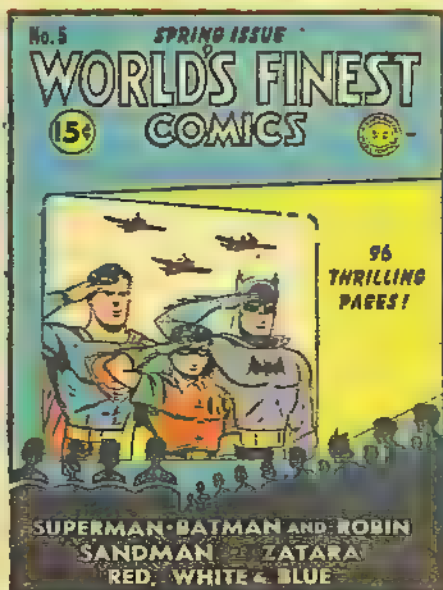






HERE'S TOP VALUE!

IMAGINE SUPERMAN--
BATMAN--ZATARA--
RED, WHITE AND BLUE--
THE KING-- AND OTHER
OF THE WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS ALL TOGETHER
IN ONE BIG 96-PAGE
MAGAZINE! BETTER
NOT MISS THIS ONE!



NOW ON SALE

V...—FOR VENGEANCE

by Norman Goss

AT FIRST it had been only a peaceful little town by the Zuyder Zee, and you could tell the seasons by the tulips in bloom, or the cheeses that were being placed in the barges. True, there were many other signs, too: Vrouw Zoomer and her ginger cakes, the silver skates flashing on ice, the little carts, drawn by dogs, that offered steaming chocolate and fresh made goodies. It had been a heaven this side of Paradise and not a day went by but that the good burghers raised their voices in praise to the One who had been so bountiful.

And then the Terror came. Gray-clad men with hard and harsh faces, clambering out of barges, as though the boats, sick unto death of such cargo, was spewing them forth.

They were but the beginning, these devils with the uniforms of the dust only snakes would lie in. For from the skies like a plague of locusts came wide-winged birds dropping eggs of death on the town; like a jealous woman scarring the face of beauty.

Yes, Willem thought, they were like that. Jealous. It was an odd observation for a youth to make, a youth whose life had been spent in peace and love. To Willem there had been no lovelier sight than the fields of tulips, the stacks of new mown hay, the languor of the Zuyder Zee, and the cheerful greeting of the windmills.

But these men, these slaves of the Terror, saw no beauty because in them they had none. They were ruthless, a band of destroyers. What was it the good pastor had said? "They will yet destroy themselves, for vengeance will be the Lord's?"

The Lord's Vengeance? Young Willem, at work in the new smelting factory the Terror had caused to be built, pondered over it. Had the pastor the gift of divination? For even

now, while he worked, Willem heard two of the guards talking of the mysterious signs that had been springing up all over the countryside. The "V" signs, which had come in some surprising fashion from brave England and Good Queen Wilhelmina.

Willem did not understand the meaning of the "V", but he knew that its very appearance caused concern on the faces of everyone of the Terror's men, from the lowliest to the highest. Yes, Colonel von Gratz, who was in charge of the town, had heeded it and posted a notice that any of the townspeople caught placing the sign instantly would be shot.

Was this "V" the Vengeance of the Lord about which the good pastor had spoken? Puzzled, Willem asked the question that night at the supper table. His father looked up from the scanty table and Willem's mother, surprised by the boy's question, allowed a dish to fall on the stone floor. Her husband shot a warning glance at her, then leaned back, sucking on the lone pipeful of tobacco he was permitted a day.

Klaus Myner was a good man. And he loved his country and what it stood for dearly. A cloud of smoke billowed from his lips as he pondered his words. Willem stared at him wide-eyed, and then Klaus Myner said:

"It is something divine that our friends across the Channel, who are guarding our good Queen Wilhelmina, have created. It is a symbol of victory and wherever it appears, the morale of the Terror's soldiers suffers a terrible blow." He lowered his voice. "For example, Willem, the garrison that burned down so mysteriously three nights ago. You remember?"

Willem nodded. Even yet the Terror's secret agents were try-

ing to find the men who had done the deed.

"Well," Old Klaus puffed more smoke. "Imagine their dismay to find in the ashes the sign of the 'V'. His voice was very low now, as though he were talking only to himself. "Naturally, when the High Command learned of it, Colonel von Gratz was severely reprimanded. This was the third reprimand he had received and one more might mean that he was unsuited to be an officer." Klaus chuckled. "Yes, if tonight the powder magazine they have just filled were to be blown up and nothing found but a 'V'. Well, I imagine Colonel von Gratz would find it very disconcerting." He smiled at Willem, whose attitude suggested he wished to hear more.

But Vrouw Myner, her voice anxious, interrupted. "It is time that Willem went upstairs, Klaus." She smiled on her son. "It is still a half hour before lights out, so you can straighten out your collection of arrowheads. I brought them down from the attic today."

Willem looked up, half-disappointed, and yet pleased. He had almost forgotten his hobby. Since the advent of the Terror there had been no time for it. He had been an excellent archer in school and, in the mechanical shop, he had been permitted to make his own arrows. He rose and dutifully kissed his mother and father.

In his room, the collection spread on the floor, he forgot for the moment the talk he had had with his father. It was while he was separating the arrows that the memory suddenly returned. Willem was kneeling by the grating which sent up heat from the stove on the floor below. He hadn't intended listening, but the pleading accents of his mother's voice caused him to pause.

"You must be careful, Klaus," she said. "Why, oh why, does

it have to be you tonight of all nights? Did not word get around that Gessler of the Gestapo, the cleverest of those fiends, has come here to find the ringleaders?"

And then his father's voice, firm and determined. "I must do what is best for my country, for our Queen. And a life is not too much to give if ever we are to be rid of this Terror." His voice softened. "But hush. We would not want Willem to hear you cry. He might then know. Maybe, when he gets a little older——"

Puzzled, Willem stood at the window of the house. His eyes absently looked out at the darkness, where trees stood like sentinels. It was lights out time, and there was no moon. Downstairs, Willem heard his mother preparing for bed. Suddenly, he started. Had a shadow moved outside the window? Willem peered into the darkness, but could see nothing but the outlines of the trees.

He began to undress. It was hard working for the Terror, long hours and no pay. And a growing boy needed his sleep. Once again, words from the heat grating caused him to pause. What was this? His father was going out! And it was forbidden to go out when there were no lights! Willem stood tensely listening to the muffled good-byes.

There was only a slight noise as the back door closed. Willem stepped to the window, could barely discern his father, wrapped in black cloak, slip through the night. Where was he going? What was he about to do?

The questions went unanswered as a new danger presented itself! This time the boy knew he had seen no fantasy: a shadow really was detaching itself from the tree and moving in the direction of Willem's father! Into Willem's mind popped his father's words, "If tonight the powder magazine were to blow up!"

Yes, that was it. Willem knew now: in that moment he grew up. His father was one of those

brave men who were carrying the Queen's banner and spreading the message of the "V" throughout the country! Alone and unafraid, he was going out to blow up the powder magazine.

But he was being followed. Willem's throat was parched, and his knees felt suddenly weak. He must warn his father. Somehow, this man who was following must be removed.

Willem's young and frightened eyes fell on the arrows. He picked one at random, thrust a small bow into his belt. An instant later, wrapped in dark sweater, his heart pounding wildly, he was following the back road as fast as his legs could carry him.

For a quarter mile, he sped before he caught sight of his quarry. There was a patch of woodland, leading to the powder arsenal. The Terror had camouflaged it against air raids so that it looked like the twin of a natural knoll. In the faint light of the moon sliver, Willem saw his father, saw him first. Klaus was digging his fingers into the knoll and Willem knew that somehow, some brave countryman had managed to place dynamite close to the powder arsenal. It was his father's job to set it off with a detonator.

Willem's blood froze as a shadow loomed barely thirty yards ahead of where he was standing. It was the mysterious person, and now he had drawn a gun from his pocket and was aiming it at Klaus, who was unaware of what was happening. The man was standing in profile to Willem, his position that of a marksman.

Willem's arrow struck him in the temple, bit deeply. He dropped to the ground as a mighty explosion shook the countryside.

The earth rose and struck Willem, but the boy managed to regain his footing. Dazed, he found his way home and by the time he reached it, his head had cleared. He lay in bed a long time until at last he heard

the welcome whispering below which told that his father had returned. He smiled happily and went to sleep. He did not know until the next day that Colonel von Gratz had committed suicide an hour after the body of Gestapo agent Gessler was found with a mysterious "V" on his temple. Von Gratz had known his superiors would never believe the story of a mysterious archer!

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address:

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO. 90-J Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.

6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL 5c TRIANGLES COMPLETE SET

TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS ONLY
L. W. BROWN Dept. "D" WARREN, MICH.

Super-Wonder Packet Offered

including stamps from AFGHANISTAN, ALBANIA, NORTH BORNEO, BURMA, MANCHUKUO, MALAYA, SAHARAW, GUADALUPE, GUATEMALA, COSTA RICA, CUBA, MARGINIQUE, BRUNEI, etc. etc. 100 stamps, 100¢ value, 10¢ cost. To approval applicants. Big list stated in card with each order. KENT STAMP CO., G.P.O. Box 37(5), Brooklyn, N. Y.

VICTORY PACKET FREE

Includes stamps from Tanganyika—Borneo—Animal—Scarce Babyhead—Coronation—Early Victorian—Airmail—Map Stamps with Big Catalogue, all free. Send 5c for postage.

GRAY STAMP COMPANY
Dept. DQ Toronto, Canada

Old Money Wanted!

We will pay \$15 cash for old LINCOLN, PEACE, DIXIE, etc. \$100, \$200, \$500, \$1000. All old money wanted. Interest only 5% a year.

Federal Coin Exchange, 2-DGG, Columbus, Ohio

50 TRIANGLES & AIRMAILS 3c

including stamps from ALBANIA, ALGERIA, ARGENTINA, AUSTRALIA, AUSTRIA, BELGIUM, BOLIVIA, BRAZIL, CANADA, CUBA, DENMARK, EGYPT, FINLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, GREECE, HUNGARY, INDIA, ITALY, JAPAN, KOREA, LITHUANIA, LUXEMBOURG, MEXICO, MONTENEGRO, NETHERLANDS, NORWAY, POLAND, PORTUGAL, ROMANIA, RUSSIA, SERBIA, SLOVAKIA, SLOVENIA, SPAIN, SWEDEN, SWITZERLAND, THAILAND, TURKEY, U.S.A., U.S.S.R., YUGOSLAVIA. ALL to approval applicants only 5c.

Eureka Stamp Co., Box 221 R., Fairfield, Iowa

55 DIFF. UNITED STATES 5c

including Airmail, Cancellations, etc. etc. 100 stamps, 10¢ value, 10¢ cost. To approval applicants only 5c. Free price list.

W. G. BOOKMAN, Box 168-D, Mapwood N. J.

60 GEO V. COORDINATION 3c

including stamps from ALBANIA, ALGERIA, ARGENTINA, AUSTRALIA, AUSTRIA, BELGIUM, BOLIVIA, BRAZIL, CANADA, CUBA, DENMARK, EGYPT, FINLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, GREECE, HUNGARY, INDIA, ITALY, JAPAN, KOREA, LITHUANIA, LUXEMBOURG, MEXICO, MONTENEGRO, NETHERLANDS, NORWAY, POLAND, PORTUGAL, ROMANIA, RUSSIA, SERBIA, SLOVAKIA, SLOVENIA, SPAIN, SWEDEN, SWITZERLAND, THAILAND, TURKEY, U.S.A., U.S.S.R., YUGOSLAVIA. ALL to approval applicants only 5c.

TATAM STAMP CO. 45 SPRINGFIELD MASS

FREE

Paragon Co. 1000 North Main St. 45 Springfield Mass



SUPERMAN'S RADIO SHOW COVERS THE CONTINENT!

WIDE awake merchants all over the North American Continent are presenting this outstanding radio feature for YOUR entertainment. It is their way of saying "thank you" for your support of their worthwhile products. Listed below are the stations over which the program is heard, and the sponsor in each case:

STATION	SPONSOR
KECA Los Angeles, Calif.	Supreme Bakery Co.
KGB San Diego, Calif.	"
KWK St. Louis, Mo.	Pevely Dairy Co.
WTCN Minneapolis, Minn.	Good Foods, Inc.
WBZ Boston, Mass.	Royal Crown Cola
WBZA Springfield, Mass.	Royal Crown Cola
WHBQ Memphis, Tenn.	Royal Crown Cola
WAPI Birmingham, Ala.	Royal Crown Cola
WBEN Buffalo, New York	O'Rourke Baking Co.
KTRB Modesto, Calif.	Gravem-Inglis Baking Co.
KWG Stockton, Calif.	"
KYOS Merced, Calif.	"
WGAL Lancaster, Pa.	Saylor's Bakery
KHQ Spokane, Wash.	The Quaker Oats Co.
WMBD Peoria, Ill.	" " " "
KMO Tacoma, Wash.	Model Bakery
WJBK Detroit, Mich.	Sucher Bros., Inc.
WIZE Springfield, Ohio	Schaefer's Bakery, Inc.
WCSH Portland, Maine	Ed. Delorge Baking Co.
WKPT Kingsport, Tenn.	Hechts Bakery

STATION	SPONSOR
WOPI Bristol, Tenn.	"
WHKY Hickory, N. C.	Waldensian Baking Co.
WSPA Spartanburg, S. C.	"
KDYL Salt Lake City, Utah	Sweet Candy Co.
WCSC Charleston, S. C.	Coburg Dairy
WJEJ Hagerstown, Md.	Manbeck Bread Co.
KTUL Tulsa, Okla.	Froug's, Inc.
WOC Davenport, Iowa	Peter Pan Baking Co.
WNOX Knoxville, Tenn.	Swan's Bakery
KFOR Lincoln, Nebraska	Robert's Dairy
KOIL Omaha, Neb.	Robert's Dairy
KABC San Antonio, Texas	Knowlton's Creamery
KGKO Dallas, Texas	Burleson's Honey
KTUC Tucson, Arizona	Mission Furniture Co.
WJW Akron, Ohio	Beatrice Creamery
KIT Yakima, Wash.	Snyder's Bakery
WATN Watertown, N. Y.	Carl's Auto Accessories
KANS Wichita, Kansas	Henry's Clothing Co.
KVOS Bellingham, Wash.	Station KVOS
VONF St. John's N'f'd'l'd.	Libby, McNeill & Libby

and in Canada, sponsored by Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.:

CJCB Sydney	CFRC Kingston	CKSO Sudbury	CJCA Edmonton
CHNS Halifax	CFRB Toronto	CKPR Fort William	CFGP Grande Prairie
CHSJ St. John	CJCS Stratford	CKY Winnipeg	CKOV Kelowna
CFNB Fredericton	CKTB St. Catherine	CJRM Regina	CKLN Nelson
CBM Montreal	CJKL Kirkland Lake	CFQC Saskatoon	CJAT Trail
CKCO Ottawa	CKGB Timmins	CJOC Lethbridge	CBR Vancouver
		CFAC Calgary	CFAR Flin Flon

IF THE SUPERMAN RADIO PROGRAM IS NOT HEARD IN YOUR LOCALITY, WRITE YOUR FAVORITE STATION AND ASK FOR IT!

CONGO BILL



by FRAY

A TRADING STEAMER CHURNS SLOWLY THROUGH THE LOW WATER OF AN AFRICAN RIVER. ON BOARD ARE TWO AMERICANS — JANET LOGAN AND CONGO BILL — RETURNING FROM AN ADVENTURE IN THE INTERIOR.

THEN, SUDDENLY, THERE IS THE SHARP REPORT OF A RIFLE...



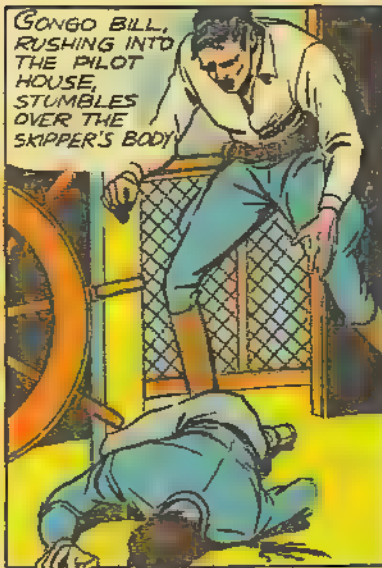
... THE WHINE OF A BULLET... AND THE SKIPPER IN THE PILOT HOUSE OF THE STEAMER STAGGERS AND FALLS !!



THE STEAMER, HER WHEEL SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL, RUNS AGROUND ON A SAND BAR!



GONGO BILL, RUSHING INTO THE PILOT HOUSE, STUMBLES OVER THE SKIPPER'S BODY



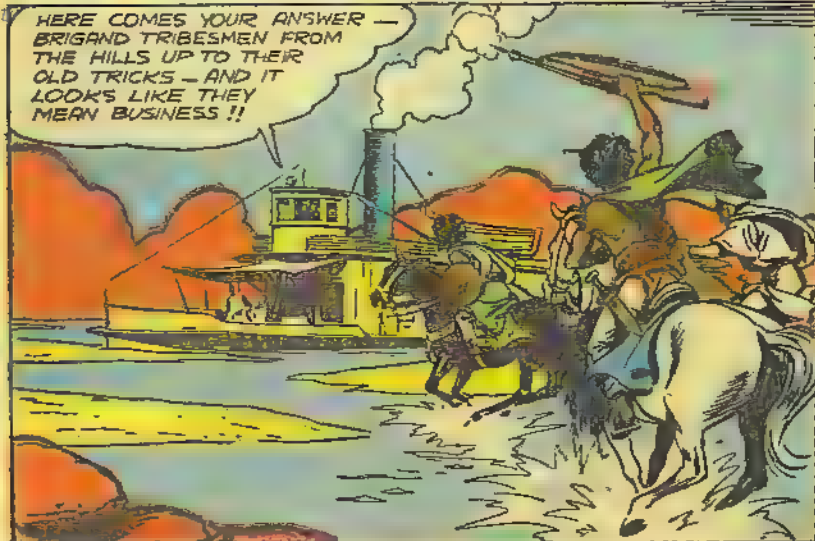
A MOMENT LATER, JANET APPEARS ...

THE SKIPPER'S DEAD, JANET — SHOT THROUGH THE HEART!



GOOD HEAVENS, BILL, WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN? WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?

HERE COMES YOUR ANSWER — BRIGAND TRIBESMEN FROM THE HILLS UP TO THEIR OLD TRICKS — AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY MEAN BUSINESS !!



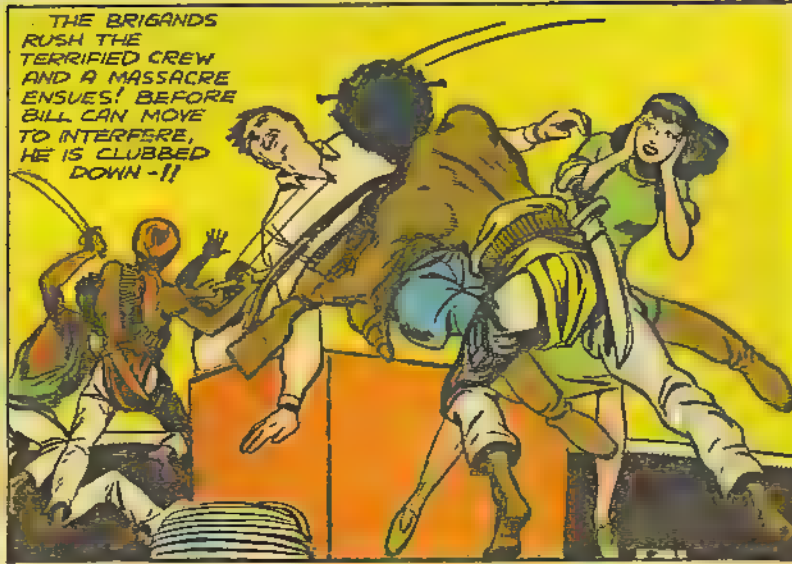
AND BEFORE THE STARTLED NATIVE CREW REALIZES WHAT HAS HAPPENED, THE FIRST OF THE BOARDERS IS OVER THE RAIL !!



ON SHORE, BILL CATCHES SIGHT OF A SCARLET-CLAD HORSEMAN WHO RAISES HIS SWORD — AND IN RESPONSE TO THIS SIGNAL...



THE BRIGANDS RUSH THE TERRIFIED CREW AND A MASSACRE ENSUES! BEFORE BILL CAN MOVE TO INTERFERE, HE IS CLUBBED DOWN -!!



TWO DAYS LATER AT THE BRITISH OUTPOST OF BENZIMA...

...AND WHEN OUR PATROL FOUND THE STEAMER, YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE LEFT ALIVE—THOSE BLOODY BEGGARS DID A THOROUGH JOB. LUCKILY, YOU WERE STRUCK A GLANCING BLOW—

BUT, MAJOR FORTNEY, THERE WAS A GIRL ABOARD! WHERE...?



SHE WAS PROBABLY TAKEN CAPTIVE! BILL, THIS IS THE WORK OF THE RED KHAN, THE LEADER OF AN ELUSIVE AND DANGEROUS BAND OF BRIGANDS HIDING IN THE HILLS. THEY LOOTED THE STEAMER OF HER ENTIRE CARGO OF IVORY!!

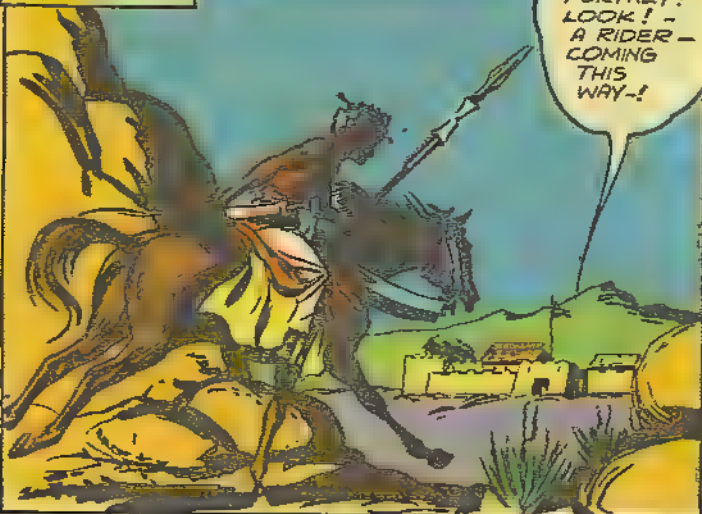


BUT YOU HAVE A GARRISON OF NATIVE TROOPS HERE. WHY DON'T YOU CLEAN THEM OUT?

MY MEN HAVE COME TO BELIEVE THE KHAN IS A DEVIL—AN EVIL SPIRIT—AND THEY REFUSE TO MOVE AGAINST HIM. YOU CAN'T FIGHT NATIVE SUPERSTITION, BILL!



EARLY NEXT MORNING...



MAJOR FORTNEY! LOOK!—A RIDER—COMING THIS WAY—!

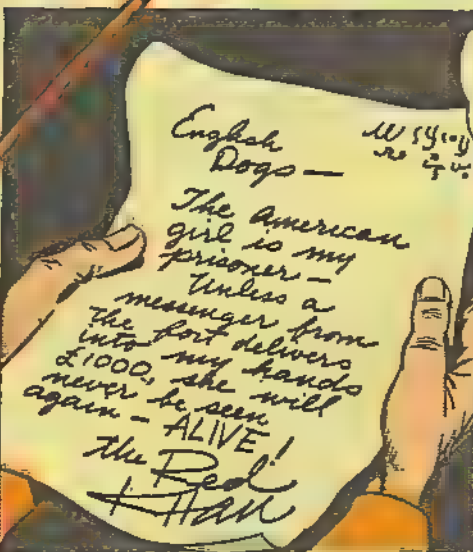


BLIMEY, SIR, IF THE BLOOMIN' SAVAGE ISN'T ATTACKIN' THE FORT, SINGLE-HANDED!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN! HE'S UP TO SOMETHING!

LOOK, SIR—A PAPER TIED TO THE SPEAR THAT HE THREW OVER THE WALL!

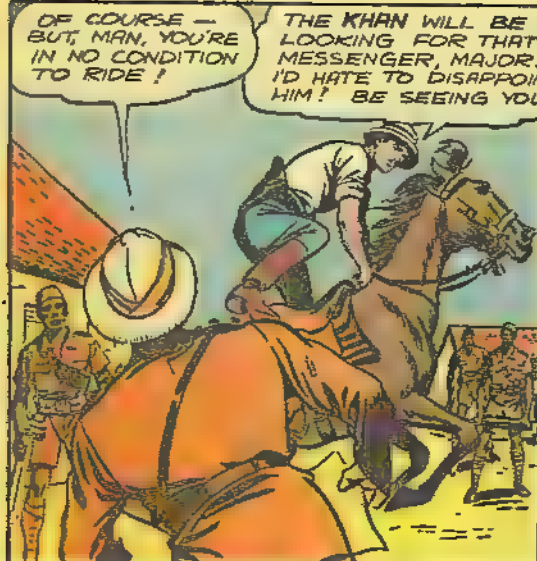
YES, I SUSPECTED AS MUCH!



A THOUSAND POUNDS! THE MAN'S MAD!—WE HAVEN'T GOT A THOUSAND POUNDS! ANY SUGGESTIONS, BILL?

THIS CALLS FOR A BOLD MOVE, MAJOR! HAVE I YOUR PERMISSION TO BORROW A HORSE?





OF COURSE — BUT, MAN, YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO RIDE!

THE KHAN WILL BE LOOKING FOR THAT MESSENGER, MAJOR. I'D HATE TO DISAPPOINT HIM! BE SEEING YOU!



THIS IS A CRAZY STUNT — I'M GAMBLING BOTH MY OWN LIFE AND JANET'S, BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT CHANCE — NOW! UNLESS, I'M MISTAKEN, THE KHAN'S BOYS SHOULD WAYLAY ME VERY SOON!

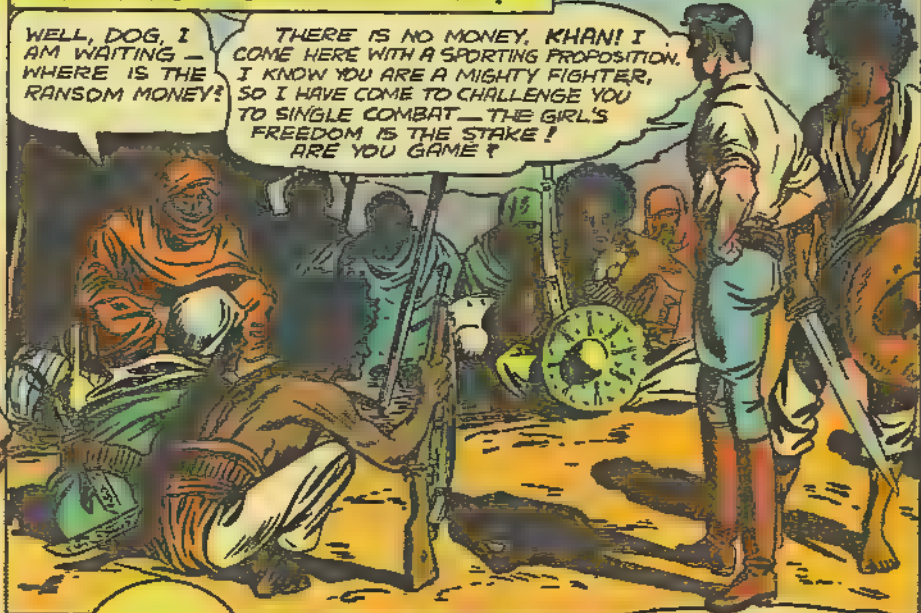


NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE — THE KHAN'S KILLERS SUDDENLY PONCE UPON BILL, DRAGGING HIM FROM HIS MOUNT!



OKAY, FUZZYS, YOU GOT ME! NOW TAKE ME TO YOUR BOSS!

AND, A HALF HOUR LATER BILL IS CONFRONTING THE DREADED RED KHAN!



WELL, DOG, I AM WAITING — WHERE IS THE RANSOM MONEY?

THERE IS NO MONEY, KHAN! I COME HERE WITH A SPORTING PROPOSITION. I KNOW YOU ARE A MIGHTY FIGHTER, SO I HAVE COME TO CHALLENGE YOU TO SINGLE COMBAT — THE GIRL'S FREEDOM IS THE STAKE! ARE YOU GAME?

THE KHAN SUDDENLY PALES — THEN HE SNARLS:

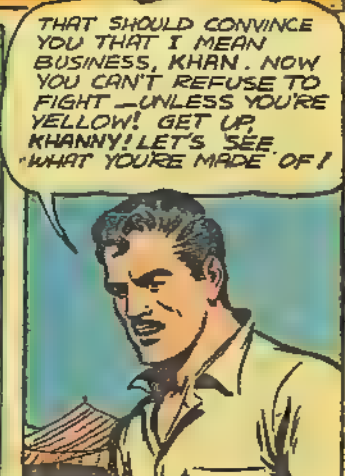


HA — SO YOU WANT TO FIGHT, EH? GOOD! BULA! BREAK HIM IN TWO!

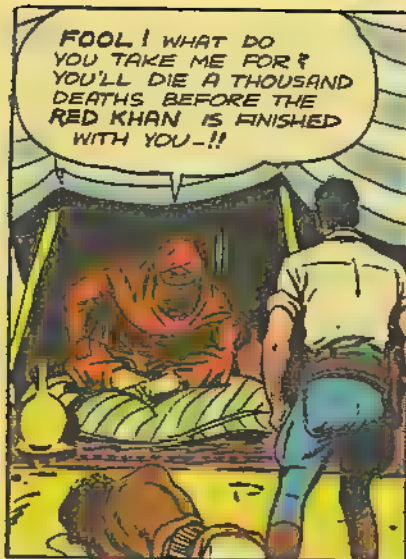


BUT AS THE BURLY TRIBESMAN ADVANCES...

SORRY BULA, OLD MAN, BUT I INTEND TO REMAIN IN ONE PIECE!

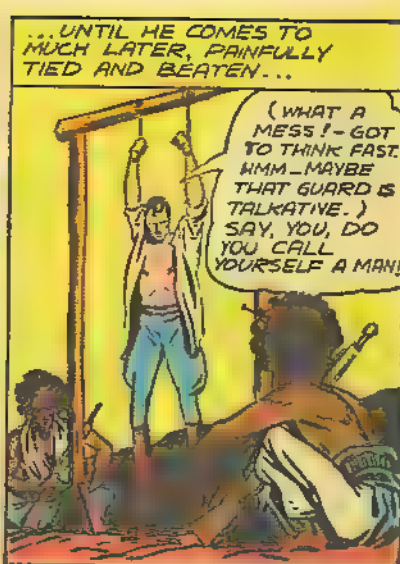


THAT SHOULD CONVINCE YOU THAT I MEAN BUSINESS, KHAN. NOW YOU CAN'T REFUSE TO FIGHT — UNLESS YOU'RE YELLOW! GET UP, KHANNY! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF!

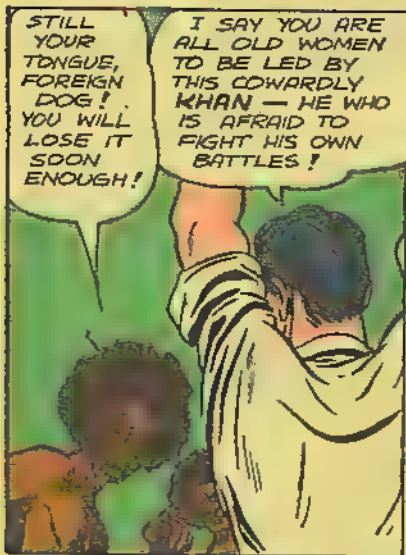


FOOL! WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR? YOU'LL DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS BEFORE THE RED KHAN IS FINISHED WITH YOU--!!

AT A SIGNAL FROM THE KHAN, HIS SAVAGE TRIBESMEN CLOSE IN ON BILL—THERE IS A FIERCE STRUGGLE—AND BILL REMEMBERS NOTHING...

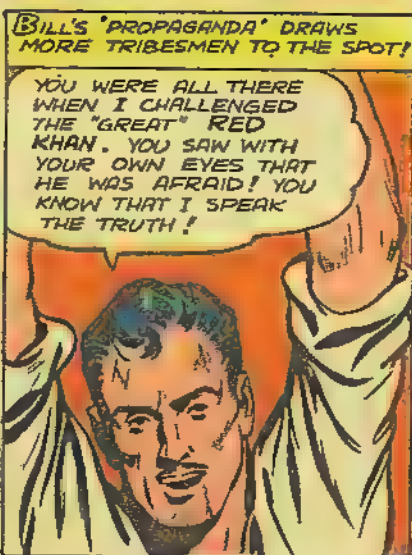


(WHAT A MESS!—GOT TO THINK FAST. MMM...MAYBE THAT GUARD IS TALKATIVE.) SAY, YOU, DO YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN!



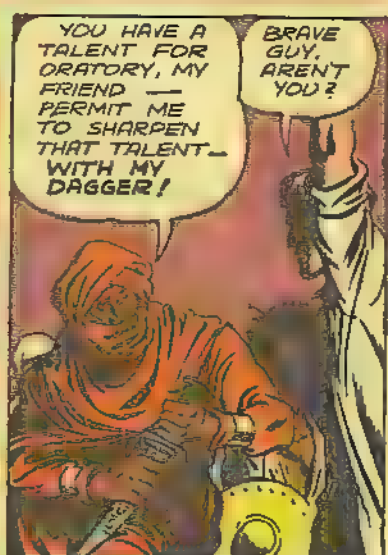
STILL YOUR TONGUE, FOREIGN DOG! YOU WILL LOSE IT SOON ENOUGH!

I SAY YOU ARE ALL OLD WOMEN TO BE LED BY THIS COWARDLY KHAN—HE WHO IS AFRAID TO FIGHT HIS OWN BATTLES!



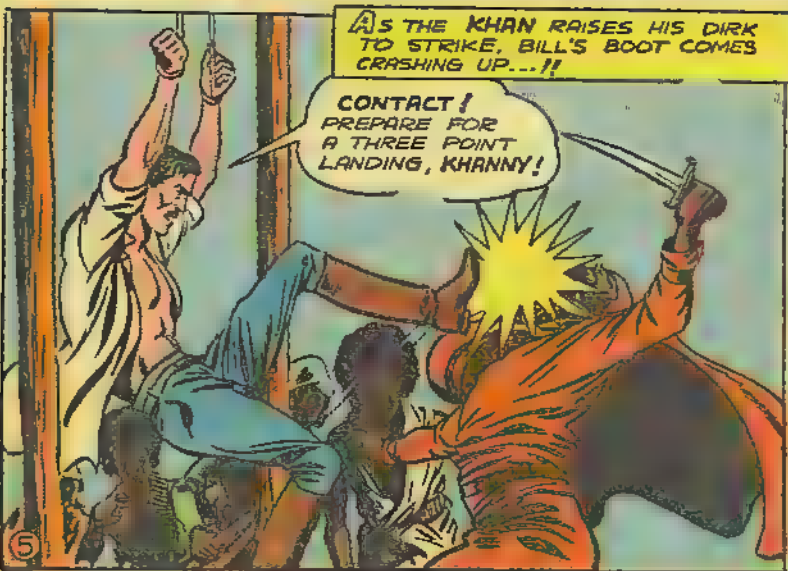
BILL'S 'PROPAGANDA' DRAWS MORE TRIBESMEN TO THE SPOT!

YOU WERE ALL THERE WHEN I CHALLENGED THE "GREAT" RED KHAN. YOU SAW WITH YOUR OWN EYES THAT HE WAS AFRAID! YOU KNOW THAT I SPEAK THE TRUTH!



YOU HAVE A TALENT FOR ORATORY, MY FRIEND—PERMIT ME TO SHARPEN THAT TALENT—WITH MY DAGGER!

BRAVE GUY, AREN'T YOU?



AS THE KHAN RAISES HIS DIRK TO STRIKE, BILL'S BOOT COMES CRASHING UP...!!

CONTACT! PREPARE FOR A THREE POINT LANDING, KHANNY!



DESTROY HIM! QUICK!

YOU MEN, YOU WANT TO SEE HIM FIGHT? THEN CUT ME LOOSE!

(A) SWIFT SLASH OF A KNIFE — AND BILL FACES THE KHAN ON AN EQUAL FOOTING AT LAST !!



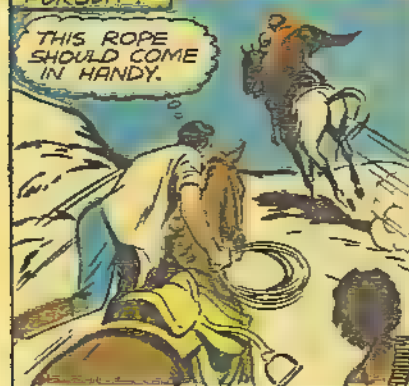
YOUR MEN DON'T LIKE YOUR LOOKS ANYMORE, KHANNY, AND I NEVER DID !!



STAGGERING TO HIS FEET, THE RED KHAN RETREATS TO HIS TENT — A MOMENT LATER, HE DRAGS JANET INTO THE SUNLIGHT !!



(A)S THE KHAN GALLOPS OFF WITH JANET, BILL, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION AMONG THE TRIBESMEN, LEAPS TO THE SADDLE OF A NEARBY HORSE AND RODES OFF, UNOPPOSED, IN PURSUIT !



(A)FTER A CHASE OF MILES, BILL SWINGS HIS LASSO ! ...



A RATHER UNDIGNIFIED POSITION FOR SUCH A SPECIAL DELIVERY AS THE GREAT KHAN — NOW LET'S GO, JANET, BEFORE HIS CRONIES GET WISE TO THE WAY THEY'VE BEEN DUPED.



(A)ND A TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO FORT BENZIMA ...

GREAT WORK, BILL. THIS WILL SHATTER THAT NATIVE SUPERSTITION. HOW DID YOU DO IT ?

MAJOR, YOU'VE HEARD OF A LEOPARD CHANGING ITS SPOTS — WELL, THIS WAS A CASE OF THE RED KHAN CHANGING COLOR — HE'S YELLOW ALL THE WAY THROUGH !





ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

BY
JOSEPH
SULMAN

OFF THE SOUTHERN TIP OF FLORIDA LIES A CITY, UNKNOWN AND ANCIENT, WHOSE PILLARS AND ROOFS CAN BE SEEN ONLY ON A CLEAR DAY... AND FROM WHOSE WATERY WALLS A MENACE RISES THAT THREATENS THE SAFETY OF THE WORLD IF ALLOWED TO FLOURISH!

AGAINST THIS MENACE, ZATARA RANGES HIMSELF IN AN ATTEMPT TO OVERCOME IT—ONE MAN FIGHTING OVERWHELMING ODDS!



A SMALL FISHING SMACK RESTS DIRECTLY OVER THE SUNKEN METROPOLIS.

YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE I COULD SEE A MAN DOWN THERE, LOOKING AT ME!

THAT'S SILLY. THAT'S A DEAD CITY DOWN THERE. NO ONE KNOWS HOW OLD IT IS! ALL THE PEOPLE IN IT ARE GHOSTS!



SUDDENLY THE BOAT SEEMS TO BECOME HEAVIER AND HEAVIER. IT SINKS LOW IN THE WATER! SOON WAVES WASH ACROSS ITS GUNWALES---

WE'RE GOING DOWN!

THERE'S NO LEAK IN THE BOAT! SAY—WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US?



OH! I KNEW I'D SEEN SOMEBODY DOWN HERE!

A HUMAN BEING! BUT BUT WHAT CAN HE WANT WITH US?

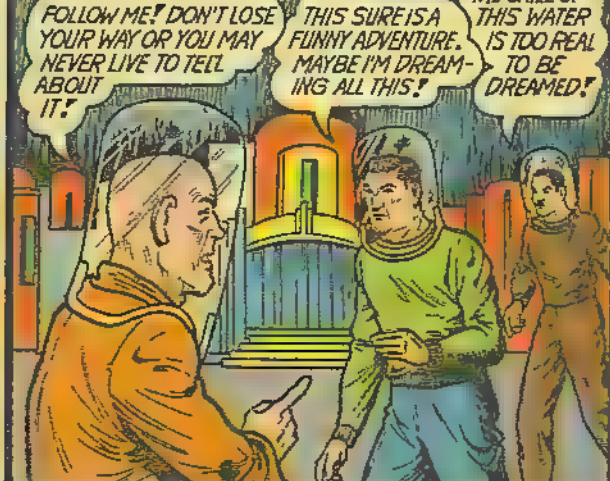


THE UNDERSEA CREATURE FASTENS GLASS GLOBES ON THE HEADS OF THE FISHERMEN. IMMEDIATELY THEY FIND THAT THEY CAN BREATHE AND HEAR THE THOUGHTS OF THE UNDERWATER CREATURE--

BY DEVILISH WAYS THEY ARE LED DEEP WITHIN THE HEART OF THE SUNKEN CITY--



HE WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM! WHAT CAN WE LOSE?



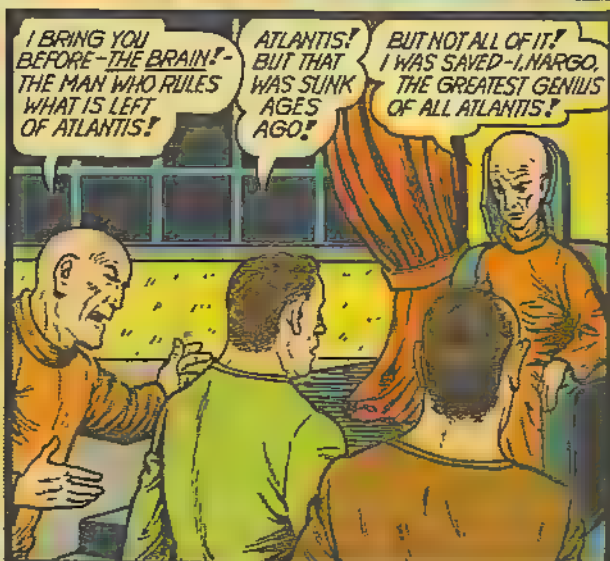
FOLLOW ME! DON'T LOSE YOUR WAY OR YOU MAY NEVER LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT!

THIS SURE IS A FUNNY ADVENTURE. MAYBE I'M DREAMING ALL THIS!

THE CHILL OF THIS WATER IS TOO REAL TO BE DREAMED!



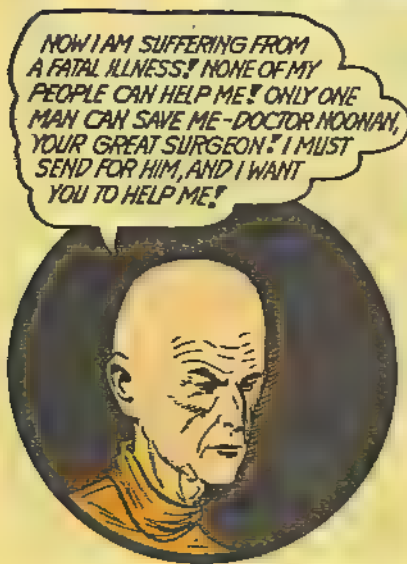
REMOVE YOUR PROTECTORS. THE INNER CHAMBERS ARE FILLED WITH AIR. IT IS CARRIED FROM THE UPPER WORLD AND KEPT PURE BY PUMPS!



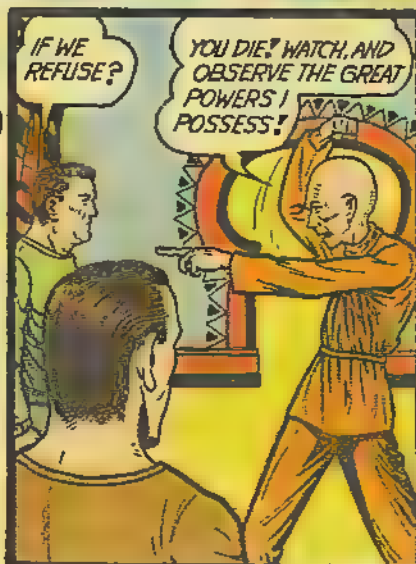
I BRING YOU BEFORE-- THE BRAIN!-- THE MAN WHO RULES WHAT IS LEFT OF ATLANTIS!

ATLANTIS! BUT THAT WAS SUNK AGES AGO!

BUT NOT ALL OF IT! I WAS SAVED-- I, NARGO, THE GREATEST GENIUS OF ALL ATLANTIS!

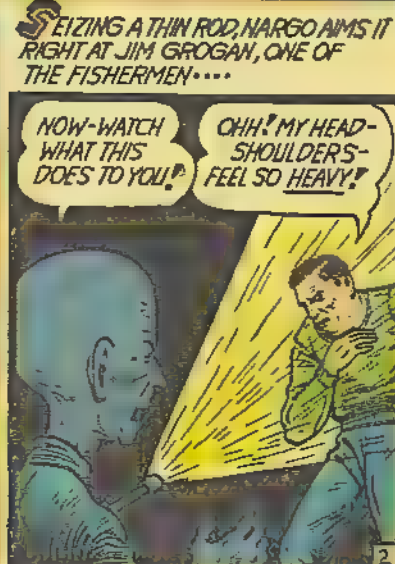


NOW I AM SUFFERING FROM A FATAL ILLNESS! NONE OF MY PEOPLE CAN HELP ME! ONLY ONE MAN CAN SAVE ME-- DOCTOR NOONAN, YOUR GREAT SURGEON! I MUST SEND FOR HIM, AND I WANT YOU TO HELP ME!



IF WE REFUSE?

YOU DIE! WATCH, AND OBSERVE THE GREAT POWERS I POSSESS!



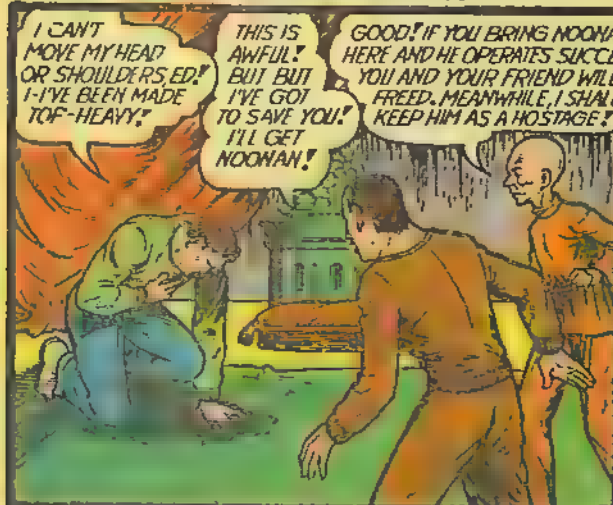
SEIZING A THIN ROD, NARGO AIMS IT RIGHT AT JIM GROGAN, ONE OF THE FISHERMEN....

NOW--WATCH WHAT THIS DOES TO YOU!

OHH! MY HEAD--SHOULDERS--FEEL SO HEAVY!

THE GLOW EATS INTO HIS HEAD AND UPPER TORSO, SEEMINGLY ADDING TO THE ATOMS THAT MAKE UP HIS BODY.

AN HOUR LATER, ED FARMER HEADS A ROWBOAT ONTO THE SANDS OF THE FLORIDA COASTLINE---



I CAN'T MOVE MY HEAD OR SHOULDERS, ED! I-I'VE BEEN MADE TOP-HEAVY!

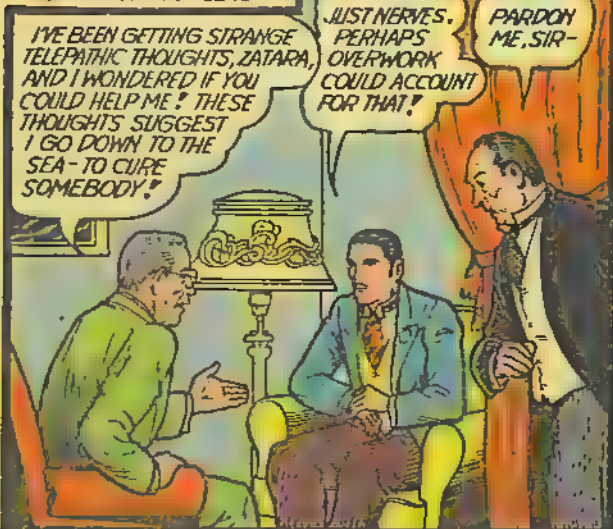
THIS IS AWFUL! BUT BUT I'VE GOT TO SAVE YOU! I'LL GET NOONAN!

GOOD! IF YOU BRING NOONAN HERE AND HE OPERATES SUCCESSFULLY, YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WILL BE FREED. MEANWHILE, I SHALL KEEP HIM AS A HOSTAGE!



NARGO SAID NOONAN IS STAYING AT THE HOTEL IN TOWN. I'LL VISIT HIM THERE!

AT THE NOONAN SUITE---



I'VE BEEN GETTING STRANGE TELEPATHIC THOUGHTS, ZATARA, AND I WONDERED IF YOU COULD HELP ME? THESE THOUGHTS SUGGEST I GO DOWN TO THE SEA-TO CURE SOMEBODY.

JUST NERVES. PERHAPS OVERWORK COULD ACCOUNT FOR THAT!

PARDON ME, SIR!



THIS MAN SAYS HE COMES FROM A MAN BENEATH THE SEA-

IT'S TRUE! I LEFT A FRIEND AS A HOSTAGE! NARGO WANTS YOU TO CURE HIM!

WHA-AT?



PLEASE, YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME! THAT MAN NARGO HAS STRANGE POWERS AND WEAPONS!

STRANGE WEAPONS? AND LIVING UNDER THE SEA FOR AGES?

DOCTOR, WE'VE GOT TO LOOK INTO THIS!

JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING!



OF COURSE NARGO MAY HAVE THE FRIENDLIEST INTENTIONS IN THE WORLD TO THE PEOPLE LIVING ABOVE HIM-BUT IT'S JUST AS WELL TO PLAY SAFE.

I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY, ZATARA!

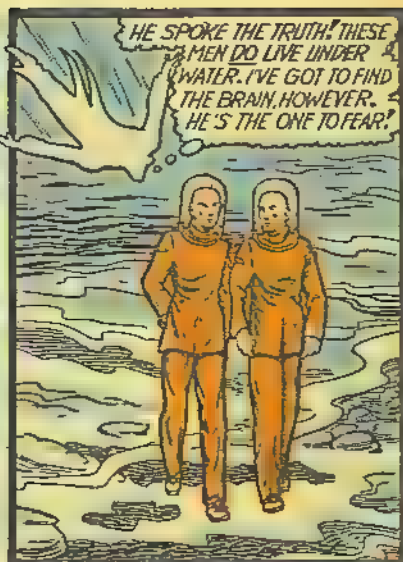
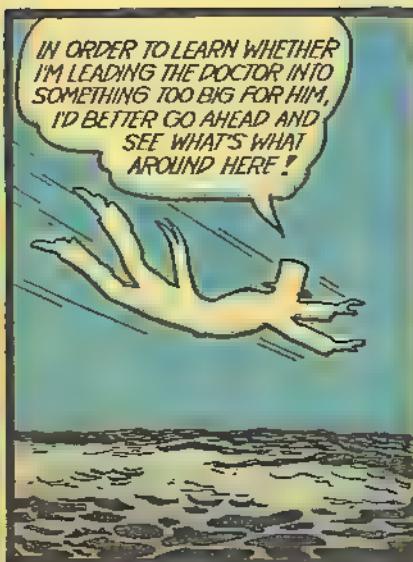
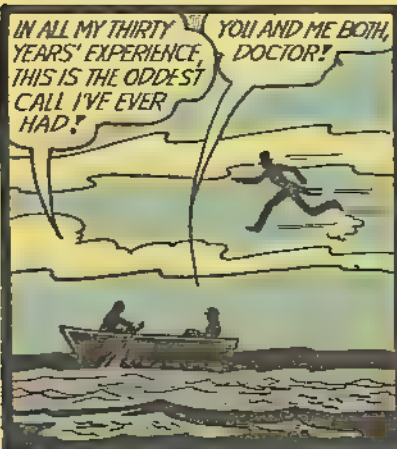
THEN YOU WILL COME? I CAN SAVE JIM, THEN?



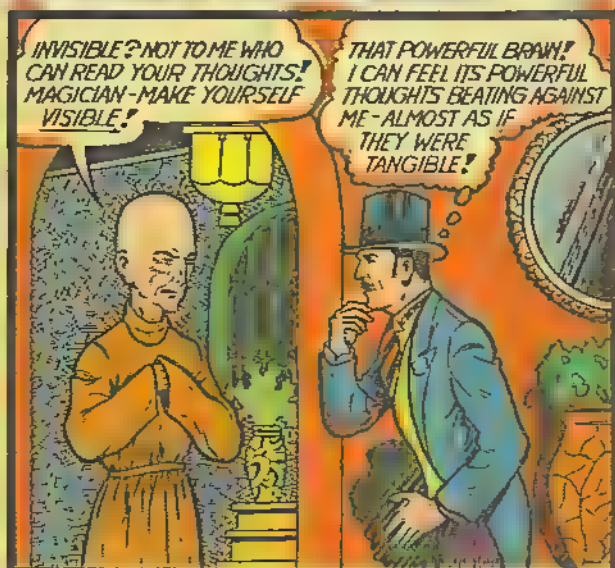
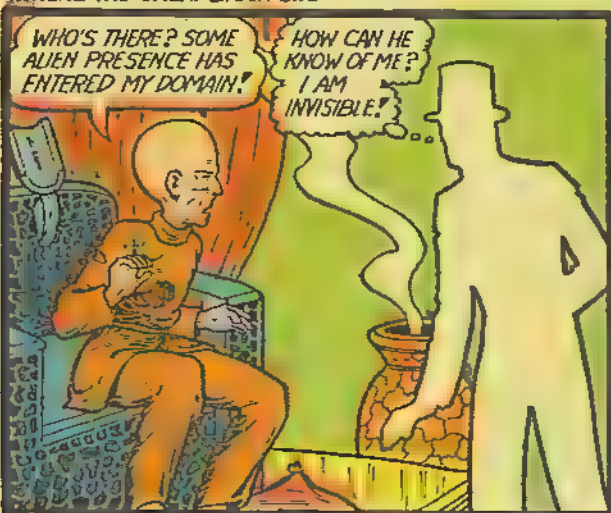
YOU AND THE DOCTOR LEAVE AT ONCE-AND I SHALL BE WITH YOU ALL THE TIME, TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOU!

THEN COME ON, DOCTOR- THE BOAT IS WAITING.

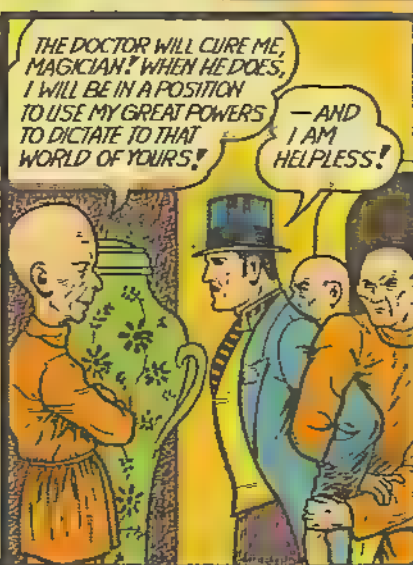
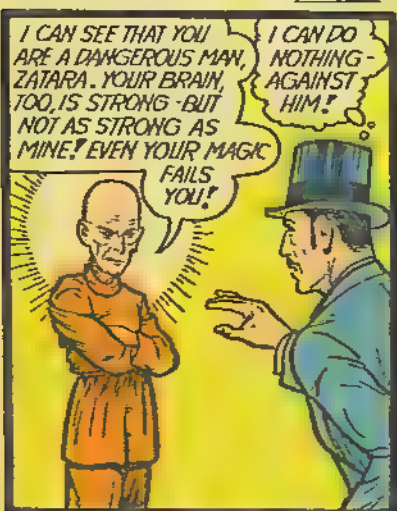
AS DOCTOR NOONAN AND ED ROW TOWARD THE SUNKEN CITY, ZATARA, WITH A CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY ABOUT HIM, FOLLOWS THEM OUT---



AFTER A SHORT SEARCH, THE MAGICIAN FINDS THE ROOM WHERE THE GREAT BRAIN SITS---



ZATARA FINDS THAT HIS GREAT HYPNOTIC POWERS ARE USELESS AGAINST THE BRAIN!

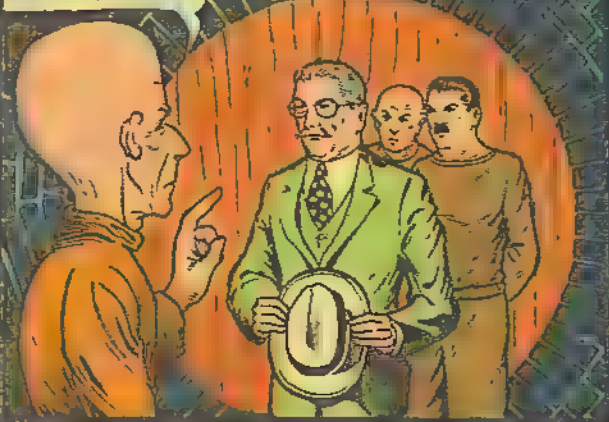


FINDING HIS GREAT MAGICAL POWERS USELESS, ZATARA IS THROWN INTO A DUNGEON---



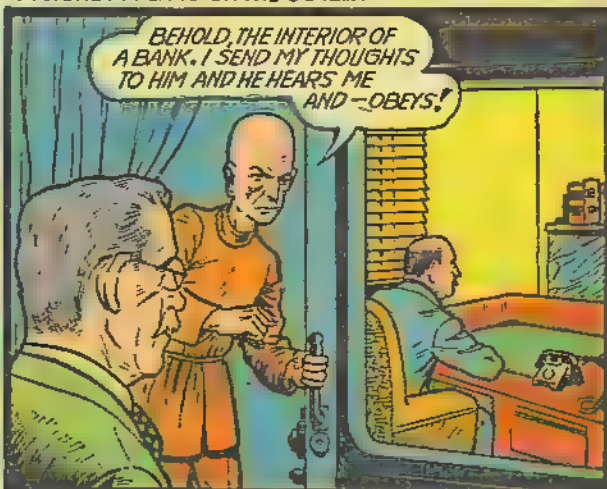
AT THAT MOMENT, THE DOCTOR IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE BRAIN--

I SHALL GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT IF YOU CURE ME, FOR THE WORLD CAN EASILY BE MINE! OBSERVE, PLEASE!



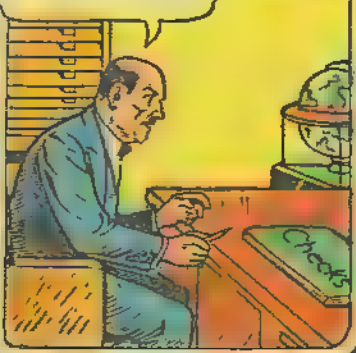
A MACHINE BEARING A SILVERED SCREEN IS WHEELED IN AND PLACED BEFORE THE BRAIN. HE SNAPS A LEVER AND A PICTURE APPEARS ON THE SCREEN---

BEHOLD, THE INTERIOR OF A BANK. I SEND MY THOUGHTS TO HIM AND HE HEARS ME AND--OBEYS!



THE DOCTOR BEHOLDS--

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE ACCOUNT OF DOCTOR NOONAN? IT SHALL BE DONE!



YOU SEE? AT MY THOUGHT-ORDER, SENT ACROSS THE MILES, THAT BANK PRESIDENT OBEYS ME! UNFORTUNATELY, I CANNOT SUSTAIN THAT THOUGHT-ORDER! OTHERWISE I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE IN THAT MANNER!

WITH ALL THAT POWER-- YOU ARE A MENACE! I WON'T OPERATE!



YOU REBEL? I CAN DESTROY YOU, YOU KNOW! WILL YOU OPERATE-- OR MUST I-- KILL YOU?

NEVER-- NEVER-- I-OHHH!



IN HIS CELL, ZATARA REALIZES THAT UNLESS HE CAN USE HIS MAGIC IN SOME MANNER, HE HAS FAILED MISERABLY.

NO USE! THE BRAIN CANNOT BE HYPNOTIZED, AND PROBABLY HIS MEN CANNOT BE EITHER!



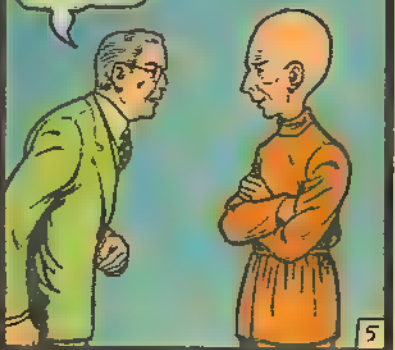
WITH TERRIFIC CONCENTRATION, THE MAGICIAN HURLS HIS THOUGHTS-- AT DOCTOR NOONAN!

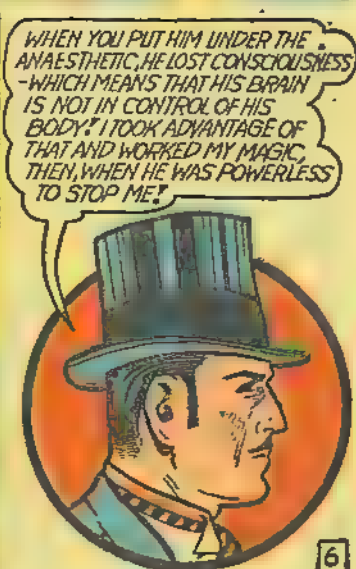
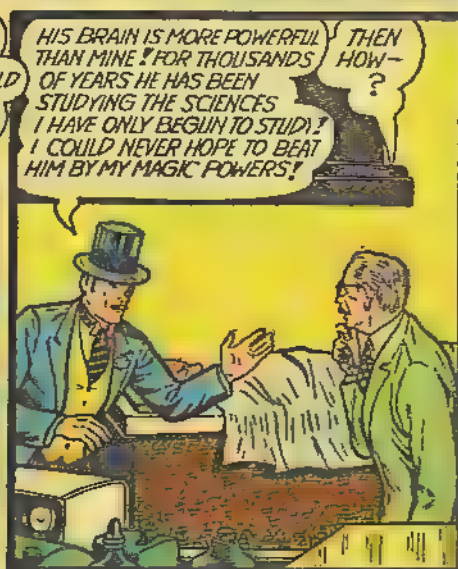
TELL HIM YOU WILL OPERATE! THEN--ANAEATHATIZE HIM!



AS YOU SAY, BRAIN! I WILL OPERATE! I MUST GIVE YOU AN ANAETHETIC, HOWEVER, SO THAT THE PAIN IS NOT TOO MUCH FOR YOU!

VERY WELL. BEGIN AT ONCE!





WE MUST FREE JIM GROGAN. BUT THEN, WITH HIM AND ED FARMER, WE WILL RETURN TO THE MAINLAND! THE UNDERSEA CITY MUST BE DESTROYED!

BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE BRAIN COMES OUT OF THE ANAESTHETIC?



I DO NOT KNOW, EXCEPT THAT THE BRAIN WILL RAGE AND TRY TO KILL US! MEANWHILE—SRAB EB FO TSUD!



THE BARS FADE INTO DUST THAT SETTLES ABOUT THEIR FEET AS JIM AND ED RACE TOWARD ZATARA----

THE BRAIN REFUSED TO FREE JIM AND THREW ME IN THE CLINK WITH HIM! BUT HE DID RELEASE JIM FROM THAT GRAVITY GUN!

THAT SHOWS HOW MUCH HIS WORD IS TO BE TRUSTED! THE BRAIN POSSESSES TOO MUCH POWER TO BE ALLOWED TO RUN FREE!



UNDERSEAS MEN! DON'T LET THOSE MEN GET THEIR GRAVITY GUNS WORKING!

I WON'T! EB SDRIB!



THINGS APPEAR ON THE GRAVITY GUNS EVEN AS JIM AND ED LAUNCH THEIR OWN OFFENSIVE----

THIS IS FOR WHAT YOU'VE TRIED TO DO TO US!

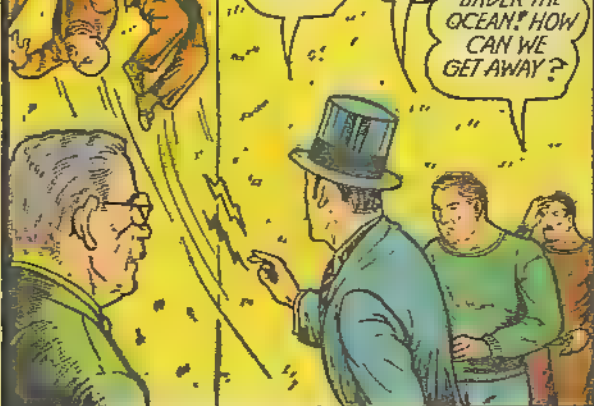
YEAH! WE OWE YOU THIS!



EB EERF FO YTIVARG! THAT'LL HOLD THEM!

NOW WHAT DO WE DO?

WE'RE TRAPPED DOWN HERE UNDER THE OCEAN! HOW CAN WE GET AWAY?



TRAPPED? NOT YET! EB HSIF!



INSTEAD OF HUMAN BEINGS, ZATARA'S THREE COMPANIONS BECOME FISH!

I'LL CAST YOU INTO THE SEA AND YOU CAN SWIM TO SAFETY—WHILE THE BRAIN AND I TRY A LAST FIGHT TO THE FINISH!



THE MAGICIAN FLINGS HIS FRIENDS INTO THE SEA...

THE GAS THAT KEEPS BACK THE OCEAN IS SO FILTERED THAT THE AIR HERE CAN BE BREATHED. A GREAT IDEA AND ONE THAT I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER - IF I LIVE TO REMEMBER ANYTHING!



AND NOW FOR THE BRAIN!



WHEN THEY REACH THE SHORE, DOCTOR NOONAN, JIM AND ED RESUME THEIR NORMAL SHAPES--

ZATARA STAYED BEHIND TO SAVE US!

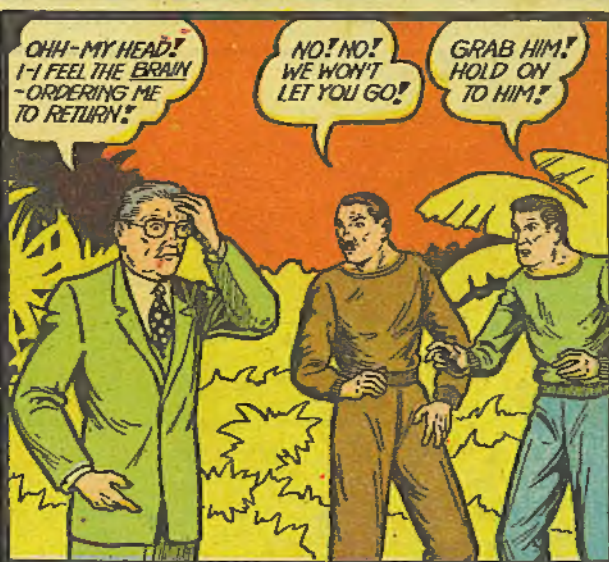
A MARTYR TO HUMANITY!



OHH - MY HEAD! I-I FEEL THE BRAIN - ORDERING ME TO RETURN!

NO! NO! WE WON'T LET YOU GO!

GRAB HIM! HOLD ON TO HIM!



IF THE BRAIN CAN REACH THE DOCTOR - WHAT HAPPENED TO ZATARA?

THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M WONDERING!



THE BRAIN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND RAGES AT HIS FAILURE!



WITH A SNARL OF HATE, THE BRAIN SIGHS THE MAGICIAN!

HALT! I ORDER YOU TO HALT! YOUR BRAIN IS STILL WEAK FROM THE ANAESTHETIC. YOU FORGET THAT I, TOO, AM LEARNED IN THE MAGICS!



THE TWO GREAT MENTALITIES CHALLENGE EACH OTHER. THE BRAIN TRIES TO BEAT DOWN ZATARA - AND SLOWLY OVERCOMES THE MAGICIAN'S MIGHTY CONCENTRATIVE POWERS!



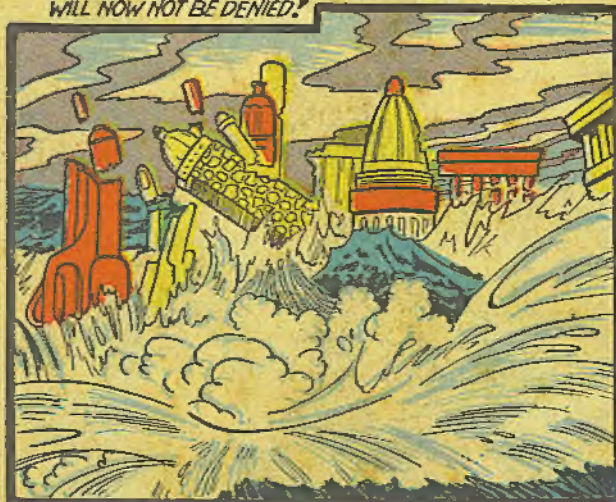
ABOVE THEM, THE MARBLE DOME SHAKES! EVEN AS THE SHRILL TONE OF A VIOLIN CAN SHATTER METAL, SO THE MENTAL WAVES THROWN OFF BY THESE MIGHTY GIANTS OF HYPNOTISM CRACK THE VERY STONES OF THE BUILDING!



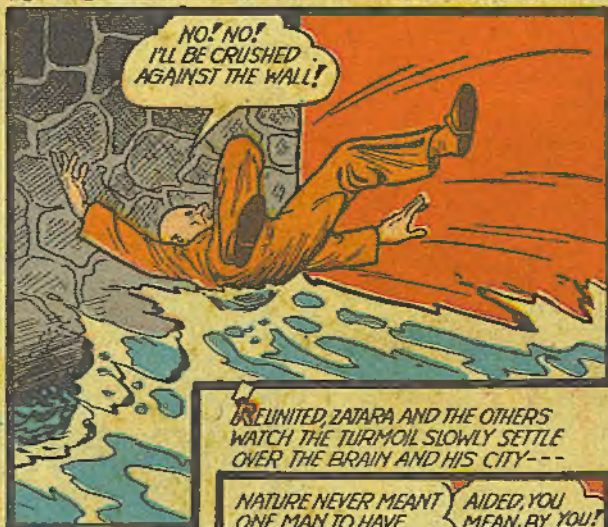
ZATARA'S SELF-SACRIFICE IS NOT IN VAIN! HE HAS THE BRAIN CHECKMATED! IF THE BRAIN DESTROYS ZATARA WITH THE GREAT POWER OF HIS MIND, HIS CITY FALLS ABOUT HIM! IF HE YIELDS TO THE MAGICIAN, ZATARA WINS!



BUT THE DECISION IS TAKEN FROM THE BRAIN'S HANDS! THE TONS OF WATER, FOR AGES KEPT OUT OF THE CITY, WILL NOW NOT BE DENIED!



A POWERFUL WAVE LIFTS THE BRAIN AND CARRIES HIM BACKWARD!

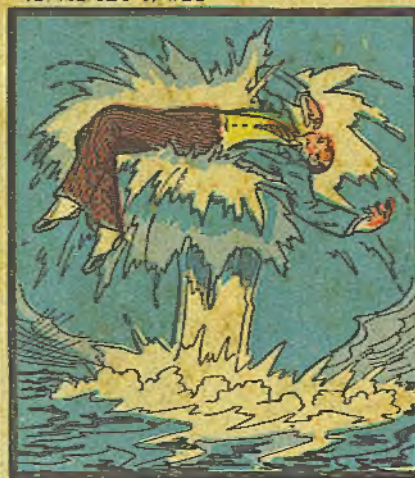


RELINQUISHED, ZATARA AND THE OTHERS WATCH THE TURMOIL SLOWLY SETTLE OVER THE BRAIN AND HIS CITY---

ZATARA STRUGGLES AND SWIMS, WHILE THE BRAIN SINKS BENEATH THE WATER...

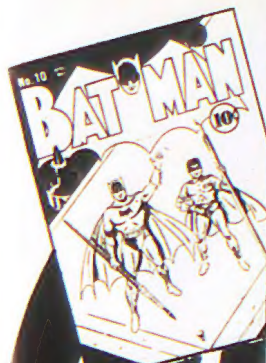


FREED OF THE INFLUENCE OF THE BRAIN, ZATARA'S MAGICAL POWERS FUNCTION ONCE MORE, AND HE RISES OVER THE TUMULTUOUS WAVES----



NATURE NEVER MEANT ONE MAN TO HAVE THE POWERS THE BRAIN HAD! AIDED BY THE BRAIN, NATURE DESTROYED HIM! AIDED, YOU MEAN, BY YOU! IF YOU HADN'T MADE HIM THROW HIS GREAT MENTAL POWERS AGAINST YOU, HIS BUILDINGS WOULD HAVE STOOD FOREVER!





LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



NOW ON SALE

TELL YOUR MOTHER ABOUT THESE NEW *Cookies* *Deliciously Different*

Easy to make with—



Give This BABY RUTH COOKIE RECIPE to Mother

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, or other
shortening
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white sugar
1 egg
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
2 Curtiss Baby Ruth bars,
cut in small pieces

Cream butter and sugar until
smooth. Beat in egg. Stir in other
ingredients. Chill and drop by half
teaspoonful on greased cookie
sheet. Bake in a moderately hot
oven (375° F.) for 10-12 minutes.
Makes 75 cookies.

Boys! Girls! Here's something you may not know about delicious BABY RUTH Candy . . . it's not only "swell" eating by itself but it ALSO makes the "keenest" tasting cookies that ever melted in your mouth. Here's an idea—tear out and give "Moms" the BABY RUTH COOKIE RECIPE at the left . . . and tell her to bake a batch of BABY RUTH COOKIES for you today. Tell her it's easy . . . and so inexpensive . . .

three cookies cost less than one cent to bake. We predict "Moms" will have a hard time keeping the cookie jar filled once you and "Pops" have munched BABY RUTH cookies.

. . . .

REMEMBER—BABY RUTH is RICH in DEXTROSE, the sugar your body uses directly for energy, and is the FIRST and ONLY Candy served the Dionne QUINTS.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS